Saturday Review

APRIL 6, 1963 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE FACTS ABOUT THE SPACE BOMB

By John Lear

"Nine Hours to Rama," a motion picture about the last day of Gandhi (See Movies)

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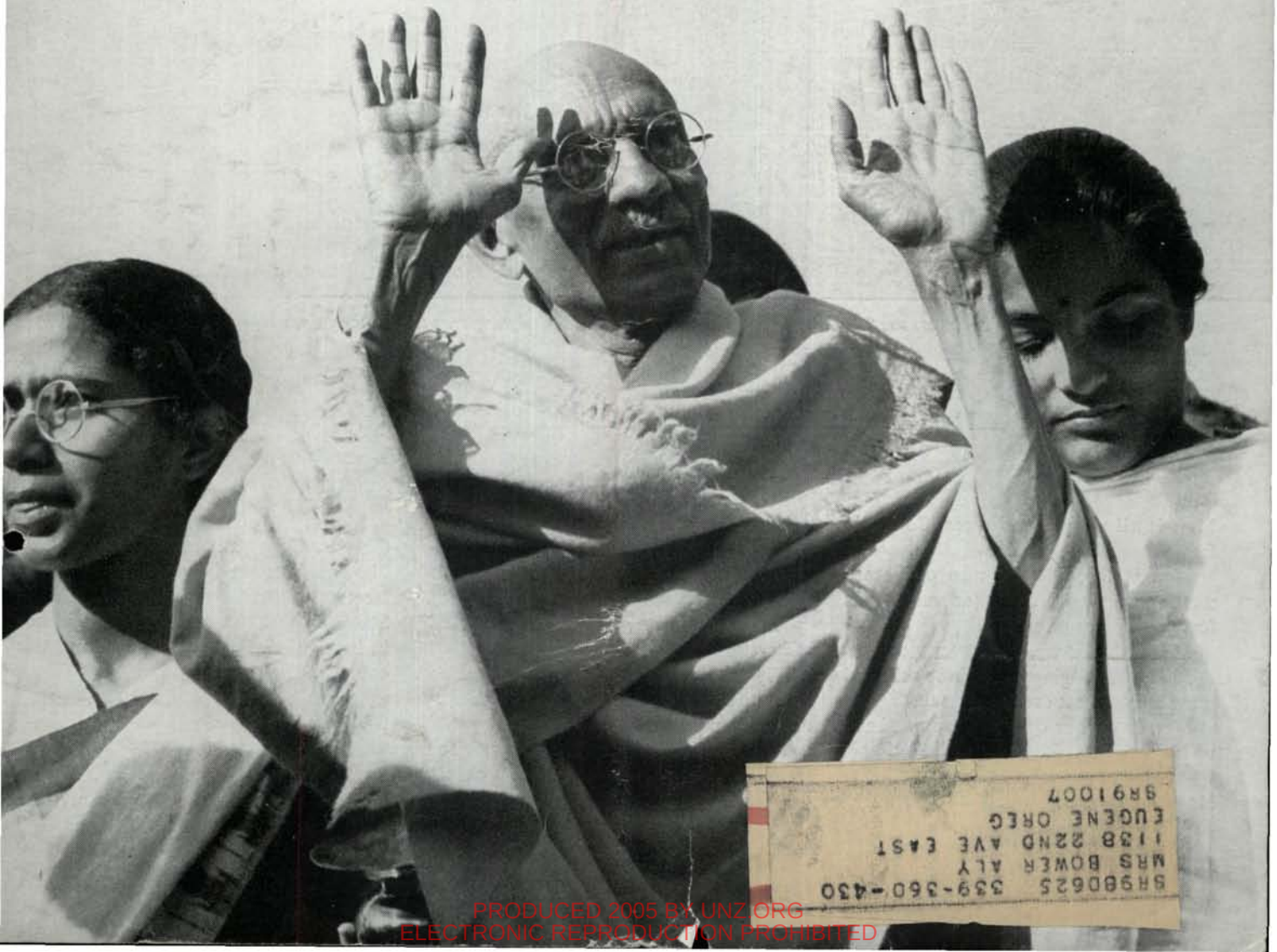

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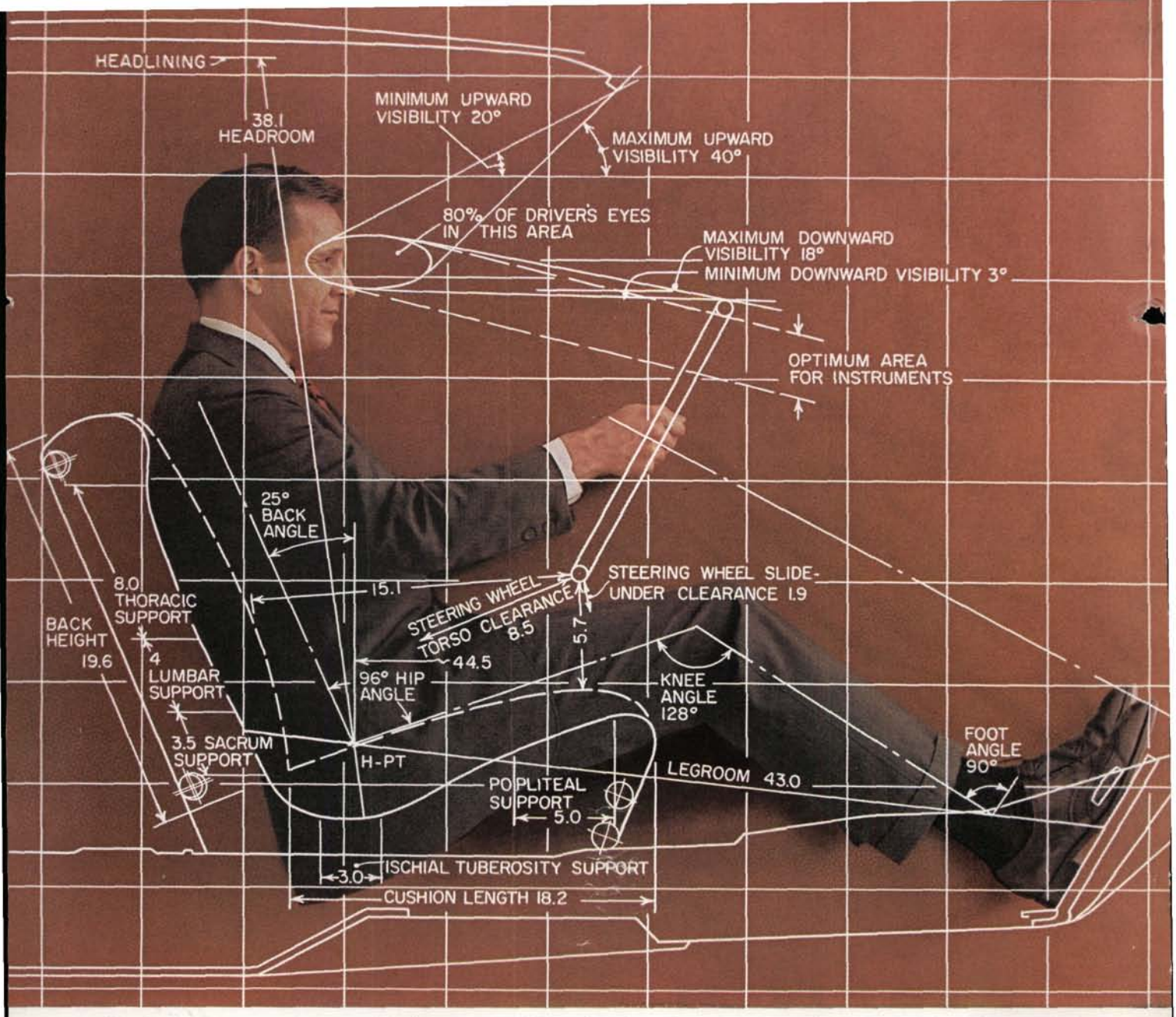

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Charles Lamb once said: "I love to lose myself in other men's minds; when I am not walking, I am reading." If you like to contemplate the thoughts and actions of great men, you will find John Allen's *100 Great Lives* ($6.95) a veritable feast. This 800-page work illuminates the lives of Cleopatra, Eisenhower, Buddha, Lincoln, Edison, others. Perhaps the greatest life of our time is Winston Churchill's. This man's fabulous story is set forth by Lewis Broad in the most complete biography that can (or will) be published for many years. The two-volume set, containing 1,080 pages, nearly one-half million words, is called *Winston Churchill: The Years of Preparation* ($6.00)—an account of Churchill's youth; Boer War escapades; service in Victoria's last Parliament; appointment to First Lord of the Admiralty; to World War I; *and just published—Winston Churchill: The Years of Achievement* ($8.95)—a gripping saga of the Lion of England rousing his people to "blood, toil, sweat and tears"; the story of V-E Day; the "iron curtain" speech; and his retirement. Both volumes are profusely pictured with photographs and cartoons; many rarely seen in print.

Lives of personages who led mankind in matters of the spirit are described with the drama of a historical novel by Michele Saponaro in a best-seller that has swept Italy. Now translated into English, *The Fishers of Men* ($5.00) is the most compelling story of Christ's disciples ever published.

And if, like Charles Lamb, you wish to "lose yourself in other men's minds," you can gain extraordinary character insights from their own impassioned words. Charles Hurd has collected *A Treasury of Great American Speeches* ($5.95) ranging from John Winthrop's 1645 plea for liberty to Carl Sandburg's 1959 gem on Lincoln. The companion volume *A Treasury of Great American Letters* ($5.95) reveals our nation's history in the inspiring, tragic, humorous, thankful letters written by its great sons.

Books bring information, challenge the mind. Heinrich Schliemann, renowned archaeologist, owed much to a book. As a child he was given an illustrated history of the world; one picture, showing the Troy of Homer's *Iliad* in flames, burned in his memory until, as a man, he went to Asia Minor and unearthed the ruins of that very city. There are ancient glories—and new pleasures—for you to unearth in H.W.F. Saggs' *The Greatness That Was Babylon* ($9.95)—a 656-page, illustrated journey through Mesopotamia 4,000 years ago; in Margaret A. Murray's *The Splendor That Was Egypt* ($8.50)—which rings with the dynastic intrigue, Sun God pomp and intellect of the ancient Nile Valley dwellers; in Erich Zehren's complete (and completely fascinating) archaeological "tour" of the Near East *The Crescent and the Bull* ($6.95). This amazing account transports you to Niniveh, Ur of the Chaldees, Mt. Sinai, many more places that witnessed enthralling moments in man's past. No backward look is complete unless you pause for a visit to the empire that spanned the pagan and Christian worlds. *The Grandeur That Was Rome* ($8.50) is a new, stunningly illustrated edition of J. C. Stobart's classic. It reveals the arts, everyday life, triumphs and tragedy of the Roman Empire.

In time, the tribes that toppled the Roman Legions became themselves "civilized" colonizers, travelers, men eager for new adventure. You can experience their deeds in Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr.'s forthcoming *More Great True Adventures* ($5.95)—a rousing anthology of daring exploits of all time from Stanley's own account of finding Livingstone to Col. Glenn's orbital flight.

Many consider war man's greatest adventure of all. Ashley Halsey, Jr's. forthcoming *Who Fired The First Shot?* ($5.00) is a colorful collection of untold stories of the Civil War, first published in the Saturday Evening Post. You can see all of that much-debated conflict, battle by battle, in *The Compact History of the Civil War* ($6.75) by Cols. R. Ernest Dupuy and Trevor N. Dupuy. And, if you wish, you can relive every skirmish, every war America has fought from Boston Common to Korea in these handsomely illustrated books: *The Compact History of the United States Army* ($4.95) by Col. R. Ernest Dupuy; *The Compact History of the United States Navy* ($4.95), a new, revised edition of the noted work by Fletcher Pratt; and *The Compact History of the United States Marine Corps* ($4.95) by Lt. Cols. Philip N. Pierce and Frank O. Hough.

All the books mentioned here can be had at your bookstore. If you prefer to order by mail, send the list of titles you want with your name and address and remittance to: Hawthorn Books, Inc., Dept. L-1, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

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Dishwasher model comparison: SU70T (1960) vs. SQ403 (1963)

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Let me say, right off the bat, that I've never been a member of the United States Marine Corps. Having served with another one of this country's armed forces, I have an initial suspicion of Marines generally.

For this reason, I approached a very fine new book with an unjustified bias, and it was all of fifteen minutes before I had been won over (as I think you will be) by "On Valor's Side," by T. Grady Gallant.

"On Valor's Side" recounts the molding of Grady Gallant, a shy Southern boy, into a U.S. Marine who lived through Guadalcanal.

What struck me most about the book was a spirit we don't often see expressed these days – simple patriotism. Not the kind of wrapped-in-the-flag exhibitionism that's only a cry for attention, but a genuine feeling that this nation is worth dying for, if necessary.

In the hands of a less skillful—or less sincere—writer, a sentiment like this could easily drown a book in mawkish tears. It's to Mr. Gallant's eternal credit that he's able to match high feeling with some really side-splitting recollections of life (maybe existence is a better word) at Parris Island.

It would be misleading for me to recommend "On Valor's Side" to everyone. It is definitely not for those who are convinced that the military is a half-and-half mixture of sex and blood, salted with four-letter words. "On Valor's Side" is for people who were there – and who weren't – and especially for people who may worry about the internal strength of the American fighting man.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"On Valor's Side" ($4.95) by T. Grady Gallant, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Copies are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 4 York Street, Hanover, Pa.

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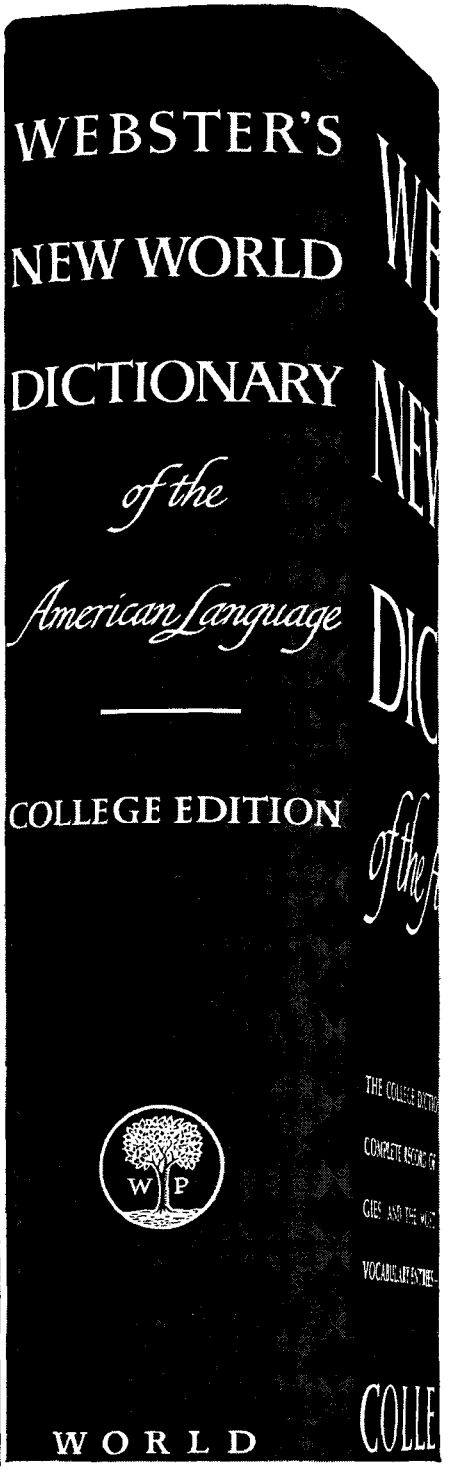

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First of the Month

By CLEVELAND AMORY

MARCH was not only the month that initiated spring but it was also the month of initials—of JFK and TFX, of UV and SDX, of the BBC and TWTWTW, of the 5BX for men and the XBX for women (courtesy, of course, of the RCAF). But March was also the month of quotable quotes—particularly those on the subject of New York's newspaper strike. The sternest of these was Peter Ustinov's—on the decision of Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, of the New York *Post*, to leave the other publishers and publish anyway. "A Schiff," he said unkindly "always deserts the sinking rats."

• • •

Meanwhile, culture-wise, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy blew into town unannounced to lunch at a New York restaurant with Irwin Shaw. Almost immediately, the talk at neighboring tables turned to the subject of Society's charity culture kick. Al Capp asked us if we had any explanation. Things are tough all over, we told him —Society ran out of diseases.

• • •

On the National Book Awards scene we are glad to report that our campaign for an expanded award system has at long last at least helped to influence the Powers that be—not J. F.—to a realization that an improvement is possible. Next year there will be five categories as well as one grand prize for one writer's "body of work." Meanwhile, our favorite story of the awards occurred just before the announcements (which were, as usual, leaked ahead of time), when a senior editor of a close contender called the publicity man in his house. "Do we have a winner?" he asked. "I don't think so," replied the publicity man, "because the usual procedure is for the committee to call the president of the company." At this there was a long pause. "By the way," said the senior editor, "who *is* the president of the company?"

• • •

On Broadway the big excitement of the month was the return of George Bernard Shaw, whose *Too True to Be Good*, unfortunately, was. But there were no less than eight (count 'em) stars, including Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Robert Preston, Cyril Ritchard, and David Wayne. It was hard to choose among them, but Preston and Miss Johns were particularly outstanding, closely followed by Wayne, Ritchard, and Miss Gish. The play was a bit confusing—the fact of the matter is that Shaw is often better read than said—but one thing was certain. Shaw was, as usual, full of pith and vinegar, e.g.:

> Three-quarters of love is nothing but unsatisfied curiosity.
>
> No woman can shake off her mother. There should be no mothers, only women.
>
> Justice is nonetheless justice though it's always delayed and usually finally done only by mistake.

• • •

Elsewhere, on the narrowing Broadway scene, the new musical *I Picked a Daisy* still didn't seem to be coming up roses—at least as far as the collaboration between Alan Jay Lerner and Richard Rodgers was concerned. Rodgers announced that he was leaving on a five-week trip to Rome, Greece, and Israel. Meanwhile, Mrs. Rodgers, long New York's "perfectionist" hostess, is working on an $18 color picture book on homemaking. Her husband's suggestion for a title (so far sternly rejected by Mrs. Rodgers)—*How to Live Elegant*.

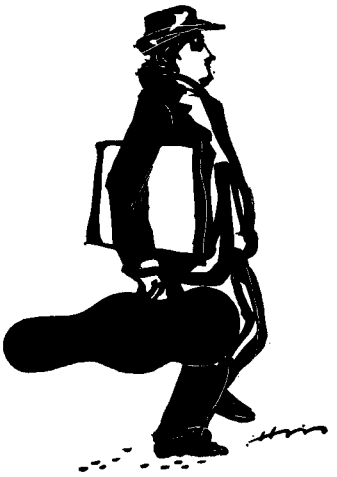
• • •

The title of the month, however, appeared, of all unlikely places, on the Adam Clayton Powell front, when Harry Hershfield came up with one for a possible Powell autobiography. "How about," he suggested, "*Uncle Tom's Cabana*?"

• • •

Quotable quotes of the month were particularly plentifully supplied by the one and only Jack Benny, who came to town to star, with Jane Morgan, in *Life Begins at 39*. We ran into Mr. Benny on Park Avenue ("There are no *stores* on Park Avenue," he told us) and, as we walked along, he reminisced about his least favorite violin reviews —all of which he could quote from memory:

> Jack Benny played Mendelssohn last night. Mendelssohn lost.
>
> Jack Benny played a concerto last night. The composer did not turn in his grave. The composer is not yet dead.
>
> Jack Benny, like Jascha Heifetz, puts the violin under his chin.
>
> When Jack Benny wears his white tie and tails he actually looks like the world's best violinist. It's a damn shame he has to play.



And from the *Dramatists' Guild Bulletin* came an actual listing of "Quotable Quotes," e.g.:

> Horsepower was wonderful when only horses had it.
>
> Living in the past has one thing in its favor—it's cheaper.
>
> Keep your temper! No one else wants it.
>
> It's what you learn after you know it all that counts.

• • •

Another quote of the month that came our way at the Authors League cocktail party for the out-of-town reviewers was from Glenway Wescott, who, speaking at the writers' workshop at the State University of Iowa, had some stern words: "If all of you keep on developing all this creative ability everywhere in the country and at the same time pay no attention to the fact that the outlets and the markets are withering and lapsing, one of these days the Federal Government is going to have to come in and buy all your novels and short stories and store them in silos."

• • •

Finally, on the TV front, we liked best the comment of Mrs. Fairfield Hoban on the subject of David Susskind's program, *The Jet Set*. "It added," she said, "a new terror to flying—the fear of meeting those people."

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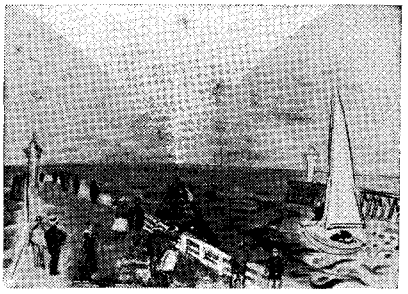

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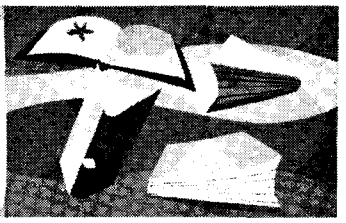
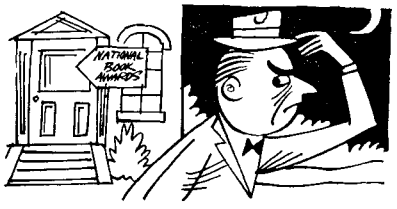


ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT for the National Book Awards, one convivial judge who likes people, conversation, and pleasantries, and who hates to go to bed early, went promptly home and did just that. Rumor has it that he found it hard to accept the fact that such books as *Ship of Fools*, *The Guns of August*, *Silent Spring*, and others were by-passed in favor of the winners.



At the same time, one of the most influential network television programs on the air canceled a full-hour coverage of the award winners, feeling that it could not present the fiction and nonfiction winners as the two best books of the year without voicing its own editorial protests. "We didn't feel," said one spokesman for the program, "that we could invite the winners on the show, treat them as our guests, and spend a portion of the time explaining why we felt they didn't deserve the awards. We couldn't in clear conscience pretend that they did."

It is no longer news that the winner in the fiction class was J. F. Powers's *Morte D'Urban*, and in nonfiction Leon Edel's biography *Henry James*. But it *is* news that grumbles and rumbles of protest continue to echo along Publishers' Row, in spite of the fact that a good many gentlemen-of-the-buckram-set support the choices.

One editor, who shall be nameless, said that part of the trouble with the National Book Awards is the way the books are nominated. "Not enough people can nominate books for the awards," he said, "and as a result the potential winners are confined to those which a very few people pick. The choices certainly don't represent those of the entire industry. It becomes almost a coterie thing. There's a lot of talk about changes in method and category for the coming year, and I'm all for them."

On the other hand, another very well-known publisher said he was delighted with the selections, and while he realized that they wouldn't make the booksellers particularly happy, he was glad that books which might never have stirred would be brought to the attention of the public.

But an author who had no axe to grind, since he had no book in the running, took sharp exception to this. "The National Book Awards," he said, "should be allowed to function in the privacy they deserve—in a hotel ballroom."

THIS IS NOT the only controversy in the book world, however. Not long ago, William Cole and Tomi Ungerer got together to create *A Cat-Hater's Handbook, or the Ailurophobe's Delight*, and cat lovers the world over hissed and meowed loudly in protest. The book outlines such therapy as using word-of-mouth against cats, running them down whenever possible. It also suggests that when they sneer at you, you are to sneer back at them; when you are visiting a house that contains a cat, you are always to leave the front door slightly open. It further suggests that you take your dogs to a cat show, and that dropping a large dictionary flat on the floor next to a cat is particularly recommended.

So upset was Farrar, Straus & Cudahy's Lynn Caine that she wrote

Dial Press's Jim Silberman the following:

"Shame on you for publishing this book by William Cur [sic]. More shame on you for compounding a feliny [sic] by failing to research the facts properly. . . ."

She then takes off on dogs, indicating that one definition of a dog is a "low, contemptible fellow"; that people have "gone to the dogs"; that the dog days are horrible days; that if a woman is ugly, she's a "dog," and she leads a "dog's life."

Miss Caine concludes her letter: "And finally, how do we in the trade

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describe a bad book? What else? A dog. Nothing personal."

We might add that Miss Caine's letter and Mr. Cole's book are both the cat's meow.

NOW THAT WE'VE covered the ground thoroughly on fictional companies to go with classic sayings (the unofficial favorite seems to be the Mercy Baby Foods Company—The quality of Mercy is not strained), we can turn our attention to actual companies and other phenomena which have captured the attention of our readers. Reader Mike Gross swears that he knows of a company known as Reed's Flex-Arch Shoes, whose slogan is reported to be: "Make Street Walking a Delight." Reader Dorothy Marie Davis points out that the phone number of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration Office in Santa Monica is UP 0-2768. Reader Bailey Whitaker tells of a mortuary in San Diego called Goodbody. Reader Constance Burgess says that there was a butcher in Toronto by the name of I. Bone, and that nearby there were two doctors on each side of a local undertaker, Dr. Slaughter and Dr. Berry.

FURTHER COMMENTARY ON the contemporary scene indicates that the fifty-mile hike spree has just about run its course. Reader Norris Erb claims it's part of an anti-intellectual wave which is replacing fast reading with fast walking.

Reader Trudy Drucker is hoping that some manufacturer will build fifty-mile hiking shoes containing both a clock and pedometer, so that they will be known as the soles which time men's tries.

Elsewhere, in government circles, Channel Press reports that the CIA must be continuing its sharp vigilance everywhere. They have just ordered a copy of Theodore Bernstein's *More Language That Needs Watching.*

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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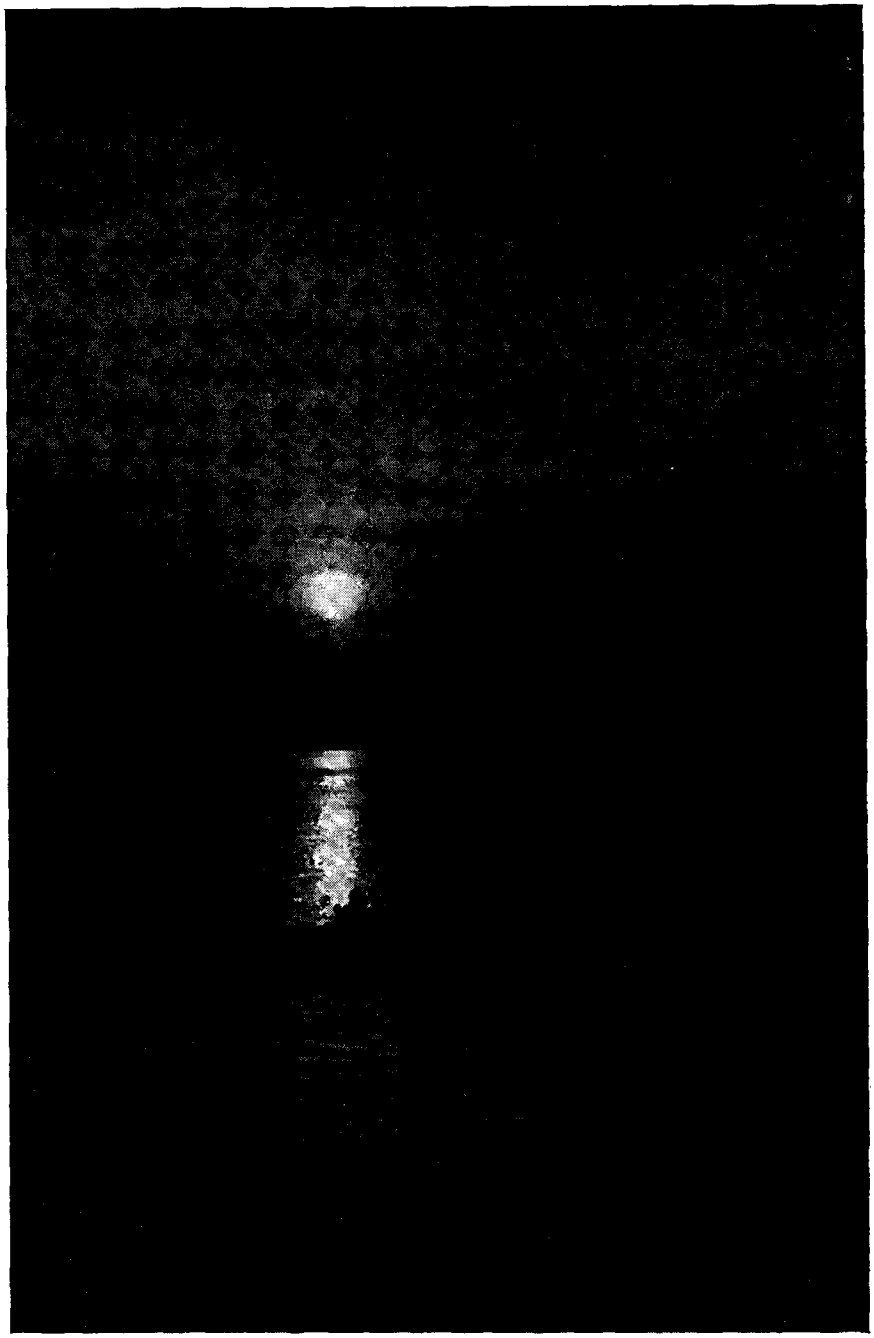
MONSARRAT:
THE TIME BEFORE THIS

Those northern lights around the Arctic Circle fill the whole night sky like a Christmas-candle glow ten thousand miles across. Reflections, they tell us, or vapor trails. But in Greenland, they are *known* to be the souls of the dead playing ball with the skulls of seals.



Indeed, you may hear a lament from a mermaid

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Unless you take care, the play of light upon the water may play tricks on your imagination. You may see the ghost of Casanova stalking the balcony of the filigree Doges' Palace. Indeed, you may hear a lament from a mermaid languishing on The Lido or a sigh from "The Bridge of Sighs."

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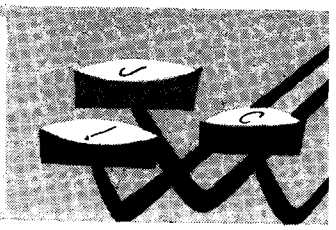

VOICES: Miss Eileen Clifford of Woodside, New York, reports that as the Flushing train roared into Times Square a few days ago, an announcement came over the loudspeaker in what she describes as "quiet, cultured, pear-shaped tones." What it said was: "Kindly use all stairways to facilitate egress to the mezzanine level."

Her account recalls another sort of public announcement reported in *Yank* sometime around 1943. *Yank* said nothing about pear-shaped tones, but the words (attributed to the driver of a bus that ran between some army camp and a city terminus) remain in my mind to this day as one of the mysteries of the American language. At the end of each run, the bus driver chanted a standard litany as he opened the doors to let the arriving mob out and the waiting mob in.

"End of the line," he sang. "Kindly let all those going out first."

IN DEFENSE OF DREAMS: *The Daily Home News* of New Brunswick, New Jersey, recently carried an AP story that describes a terrifying tightrope between euphoria and desolation of spirit. Hang on, all ye dreamers: the cable is fraying.

The dreamer in this case was Mr. Albert Lepore of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Mr. Lepore likes his dreams full of winning longshots and in the course of one dream he found himself at Bowie where he splurged for two $10 tickets on the daily double, which he proceeded to hit for a total of $42,492.

I call all citizens with a dream of their own to dream themselves into the cloud chambers of Mr. Lepore's psyche when his second horse came in. As far as I am concerned I have yet to buy my first parimutuel ticket and doubt that I ever shall—not with the odds stacked against me as heavily as they are on those tote boards. But dreams are transposable. Let the details be what they will. The high aura of the big hit is locked away somewhere in every man's psyche. Imagine for yourself what would be your big hit—that is where Mr. Lepore was with those two radioactive tickets in his pocket. And so to the pay-off window. Jackpot!

Except that this jackpot lined up the three golden slugs without paying off. The Revenooers managed to beat him to the window and the track was forbidden to cash the tickets.

Oh, not forever, you understand. As a spokesman for the Revenooers put it in the standard double-talk of Official Reasoning: "What we did is lay a levy against the track to hold the money until we look into the situation. He'll get his money as soon as it's straightened out." And then (italics mine): *"We're trying to find out whose money this actually is."*

Well, sir, if that is really what you are trying to find out, I think I can tell you. It is Mr. Lepore's money until his next tax payment is due. More important, it is Mr. Lepore's dream's money, the great green wreath of his life's golden day.

Even a Federal Revenooer, I submit, must have a dream buried away somewhere. Perhaps no more than the dream of making himself such a nuisance that a corporation will eventually hire him to defend the corporate assets against other Revenooers with the same dream. That is not much of a dream, I grant, but it is in scale, and to a Revenooer it might have the same sweet aura as Mr. Lepore's great moment must have had for him.

To its own conscience, therefore, I cry that the IRS is sueable in any court of dreams for having stomped all over Mr. Lepore's moment of glory. For certainly part of the pay-off he had bet for was the dream-joy of walking up to the golden wicket, of laying down his tickets, and of having the actual cash counted into his actual hands (or, in this case, satchel) in great fertile green stacks.

The Revenooers, on the other hand, were so certain Mr. Lepore meant to cheat them that they saw no course but to cheat him clean out of his dream. Sure they have their cut coming, and even when it hurts to shell out, no reasonable man can do more than grumble and pay. But, just as surely, IRS owes Mr. Lepore's psyche some reparation for that terrible moment, following his arrival in glory, in which he was turned away from the pay-off window without a penny.

What, for example, if those two tickets had taken Mr. Lepore's last $20, and he found himself standing outside that wicket with $42,492 on deposit and nothing payable—not so much as a courtesy bottle of American cham-

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pagne for an impoverished toast to Dame Fortune?

I suggest that the least the Revenooers can do for Mr. Lepore before taking their cut (and make sure you get yourself a good tax lawyer Mr. L. —a lot of the tickets you must have been tearing up in the last three years might just turn out to be tax deductions after all)—the least the Revenooers can do, I say, is to count the actual money into his hands and to let him walk around with it for a minimum of sixteen hours and to sleep on it for a minimum of eight, under police guard if necessary.

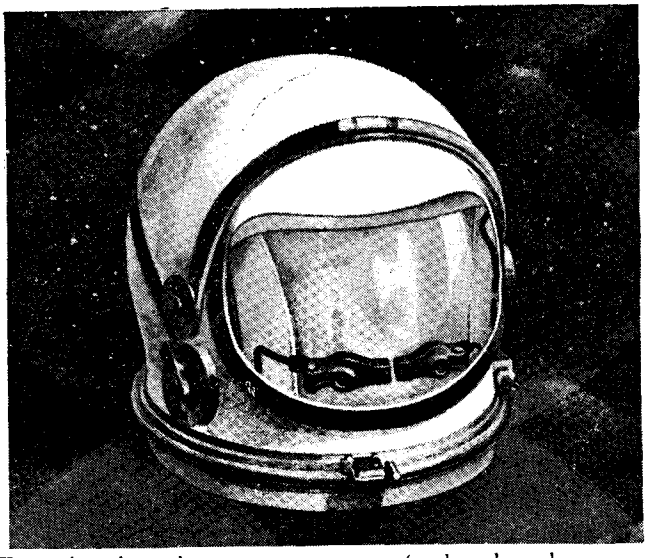
In fact, as a gesture of simple human decency, the Revenooers should provide nothing less than an all-expense trip back to Bowie for Mr. Lepore, to include a ten-dollar ticket on every race and at least one more on the daily double, and further to include a walk to the pay-off window, an actual counting out and payment of the cash, and a real cork-popping binge that night —without a single Revenooer in sight, or within sound of the music.

Failing such festivities, scrupulously arranged, the IRS shall be instructed in the name of all dreams that it has defrauded Mr. Lepore of at least half the psychic value of his big hit and that it shall accordingly set aside $21,246 of the take as a non-taxable payment for damages sustained. Failing which, may they each and several be condemned to win the Irish Sweepstakes and to be taxed at twice the amount of their winnings, which they shall be forbidden to see or to touch. So help me dream dust.

BEYOND GOSHO: In this column for January 19, I reported my first encounter with GOSHO as an airline ticket notation indicating an illegal connection (less than thirty minutes between planes). A GOSHO passenger is one who may GO if he manages to SHOW.

Ron Clemens of TWA now writes to inform me that the airlines do not recognize such reservations though they are ever happy to let the man GO if he does SHOW and if there is a seat for him.

There is, he tells me, no apt notation for a reservation with an illegal connection but he adds that two are under consideration. For passengers with connections that leave from thirty to fifteen minutes between planes—NOKNO—which I take to mean NO KNection but welcome aboard if you can get aboard. For passengers with an illegal connection of less than fifteen minutes, on the other hand, the simple notation—HOHO—which any man may take to mean "See you on the next flight." —JOHN CIARDI.



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Saturday Review
APRIL 6, 1963

By JOHN F. WHARTON

SPECULATIONS DURING A WHITE NIGHT

An American lawyer and author, returned from the Soviet Union, suggests that men in their search for peace may be overlooking some essential considerations.

LAST summer, accompanied by my wife and daughter, I traveled abroad for two months, seeking and hoping for evidence that I had been wrong last year when I expressed the fear that, barring a miracle, the arms race would bring devastation to our country and to other parts of the world within ten years. Included in our travels was a stay in Moscow. I found evidence of great change in the USSR but I did not find there, or anywhere else in Europe, any indications that the statesmen were making any progress toward peace and disarmament. On the contrary, while in Moscow I came to the almost traumatic belief that they were not seriously trying to make progress—that, so far as disarmament was concerned, such actions as seemingly pointed in that direction were part of a gigantic illusion.

Part of this belief was the result, ironically enough, of the highly publicized World Peace and Disarmament Congress last June. Curious to find out what it was all about, I contrived to obtain seats for my daughter and myself in the spectators' section. It was an exciting spectacle in many ways. It was, of course, inspired and probably paid for by the Communists, but the fact remains that 2,000 private individuals—lawyers, doctors, educators, businessmen—from all over the world did come together to discuss peace and disarmament. Tibetans in yellow robes, Africans in ceremonial dress, Hindus in saris, and Europeans in the latest Western fashions all mingled in the hotel corridors and gathered for plenary sessions in the new, modern auditorium located in the middle of the Kremlin. It was architecturally imposing and wired for six simultaneous language translations. Our tickets admitted us to a plenary session at which Mr. Khrushchev spoke, tirelessly, for two hours and twenty minutes, reviewing the disarmament proposals for years past. When he had finished, my daughter and I both felt strangely dissatisfied, although we couldn't explain why even after we had returned to our suite.

I couldn't get the meeting out of my head. I couldn't sleep; it was one of those "white nights," the kind Dostoevski describes, when people are restless. I got up and wandered around our living room. I realized that I had been reading about, thinking about, and talking about peace and disarmament for literally fifty years—ever since *The Great Illusion*. *The Valor of Ignorance*, and *The Rising Tide of Color*—and the net result was confusion in my thinking. Suddenly, some of the confusion began to clear up.

To begin with, I saw that the difference between the Russian proposals, which Mr. Khrushchev praised so highly, and all other proposals, which he denounced with vigor, was the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. They all, without exception, ignored essential considerations.

THEY all confused disarmament with peace. They did not make clear that no disarmament program, however admirable, would eliminate tensions between sovereign nations. Where there are tensions, war may follow, and then the side which fears defeat will certainly make and use CBR (chemical, biological, and radiological) weapons. Mr. Khrushchev had realistically pointed this out in another context, but at the Congress he talked as if it would be sufficient to destroy *existing* atomic bombs, rockets, and bomb carriers. No suggestion was made that atomic plants, airplane factories, and shipyards should be destroyed, and, obviously, no sensible person ever will make such a suggestion. But the first, I realized, is meaningless without the second.

More astonishing, no mention was made by Mr. Khrushchev of CBR warfare. Nor had I seen any serious discussion of this at any conference. Yet gas and germs can be a greater threat to civilization than atomic warfare. And no consideration whatsoever has ever been given to the control of possible new inventions, such as the death ray which Guglielmo Marconi was toying with in his last days. To talk as if peace and disarmament involved only atomic

In a series of articles for *SR* (Aug. 19 and Nov. 18, 1961; Mar. 31, 1962), John F. Wharton, a New York lawyer and author, has expressed the view that unless mankind takes radical steps to stem the nuclear danger, the arms race will result in large-scale destruction within ten years. Leading heads of state, he said, seemed powerless to stop the race and, as more nations developed nuclear weapons, sooner or later the fuse would be lighted, either by design or by accident, and the explosion would occur. Now, a year after his last article, *SR* is privileged to present Mr. Wharton's current assessment of where the arms race stands and where it is headed.

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weapons was to ignore at least half the problem.

But none of the foregoing touches the core of the matter, which is this: All official proposals, of *any* nation, contemplate that disarmament will be accomplished by the execution of an old-fashioned treaty—*the type of treaty which has had an unparalleled record of failure for six thousand years.*

I began to review a few of the lessons of my own lifetime. In 1914 Belgium's neutrality was guaranteed by treaty; the Belgian people, my teachers told me, therefore lived a happy life without fear of war. What a shock it was when the Germans marched in with the preposterous excuse that "we are driven by necessity, and necessity knows no law." Why didn't this teach us, then and there, that sovereign powers of the twentieth century would find excuses to make the old-fashioned treaty a "scrap of paper" just as readily as the sovereign powers of every preceding century?

Well, it didn't teach us, or anybody else.

Next, I recalled, a great show was put on called the Naval Disarmament Conference. A solemn treaty was executed establishing a 5-5-3 ratio. I wondered how many people could recall today the nations with the 5-5-3 ratio. But everyone can recall that the treaty is somewhere in limbo.

And Secretary Kellogg and his Locarno Pact outlawing war! And the treaty limiting Germany's rearming in the Thirties! Hitler and Stalin's non-aggression pact! The Potsdam treaty, which every signatory accuses the others of having broken.

Above all, the very recent ban on nuclear testing!

How, I asked myself, could adult men of great ability—and many of the disarmament conferees *were* men of great ability—seriously propose to save us from devastation by an old-fashioned treaty? The answer came in a flash; they do *not* seriously propose this. They know quite well that the old-fashioned treaty is a snare and a delusion; they know it is useless as a means of controlling the development and spread of CBR weapons, and that it obviously can do little to ease the tensions that create war. They would be terrified, I thought (and later was told that this was true of some of them), if their proposals were totally accepted. But they don't dare come out and say what *is* needed. So they play out their roles, in quiet desperation and frustration, in a *great, inevitable hoax.*

But, then, I thought restlessly, don't blame them alone. How, oh how, can the rest of us watch this and say nothing and do nothing? The intelligent human being of today knows of the destructive power of CBR weapons. How can we walk about, knowing that we and our children are daily absorbing Strontium 90, knowing that the arms race is accelerating, knowing civilization's danger, and do nothing, really, but mentally mumble the equivalent of some cynic's ironic parody:

Bomb, be nimble; Bomb, be good,
Bomb, stay out of my neighborhood.

Are we prepared to accept the fact that there is a coming disaster? Is our hero really Herman Kahn, who can placidly discuss the possibilities of rebuilding our economy after 60,000,000 deaths? Can this be the kind of thinking that 6,000 years of civilization has finally produced?

What, I wondered, can have brought us to this plight?

The Brutalization Cycle

In the middle of the night we are prone to think in enormous jumps.

My mind leaped back to a statement of an American general, Peyton March, as I recall. In 1914 he predicted five years of war and fifty years of warfare. This led me to jump back to a statement made in my presence recently by a famous psychiatrist. Throughout history, he declared, man has been subjected to both brutalizing forces and civilizing forces. History is a succession of cycles in which one of the two is dominant. In the last fifty years the brutalizing forces have been dominant, so much so that the psychiatrist could hardly see an end to it. He concluded, however, that there have been many other and longer cycles; suddenly a Gautama Buddha, a Jesus Christ, a great idea like democracy, seems to "knock on the forehead" of masses of people simultaneously; they wake from their numbness and bestir themselves; they reverse the process, and a period of dominant civilizing forces ensues.

It wasn't difficult for me, in my depressed state that night in Moscow, to agree with this. I grew up in an era where almost everyone believed in the golden virtues and also naïvely believed the whole world was progressing to a more complete acceptance of them. Suddenly the invasion of Belgium and the submarine sinkings warned us that the cycle might be changing. We were, however, still romantic; we volunteered to "make the world safe for democracy"; the democracies did win the First World War. Then, mysteriously—so mysteriously that I still cannot grasp it—a wave of reaction set the stage for the dominance of the brutalizing forces.

In our country we were suddenly gripped with fear and absolute terror of alien "socialists"; we hunted them down ruthlessly, denied them civil rights. At the same time, we accepted the bootlegger and the hijacker; we did *not* hunt them down with anything like the same vigor. We callously enforced a blockade which blighted thousands of German children. Enormous scandals blighted our political life. All of this sowed seeds of greater moral disasters to come.

On the international front, we rejected the League of Nations and then scoffed at the weaknesses which our absence generated. We joined in the general apathy toward Japan's cold-blooded invasion of Manchuria and Italy's seizure of Ethiopia; we began to accept international piracy, murder, and the renewed use of torture. Of course, the decline in morality was not complete; the civilizing forces do not completely disappear. For example, we were shocked, really shocked, by the

"See here, Skillingworth, this ball isn't big enough for both of us."

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first deliberate civilian bombings; they came in the Spanish war. However, the shock wore off very quickly; most of us can't even recall it.

We pulled ourselves together in the Second World War. We didn't talk about making the world safe for democracy, but we fought for our ideals and many of us hoped, as some of us still hope, that America's destiny would be to lead the world to peace. This time *we* created a League of Nations which was called the United Nations. But the brutalization forces were mounting everywhere. During the war torture and murder had been revived on a wholesale scale; the word "genocide" appeared in the language. Finally, the first atomic bombs were dropped—by the country which sought to lead the world to peace.

My next line of thought was that the postwar world hasn't been too pretty, either. Czechoslovakia and Hungary in Europe fell to Communist dictators; in our hemisphere we complacently accepted Trujillo, Bastista, and their ilk. The gangster rose from bootlegging to positions of power in organized crime, in sports such as boxing, in our labor unions, and finally in our politics. Politicians in some large cities actually sought the endorsement of gangster chiefs. And we wondered why there was a "crime wave" that infected even our police forces!

It has been the same story in the arts. José Ortega y Gasset declares that we have achieved a "dehumanization of art," to which, says Sir Herbert Read, the artist may well reply, "What can you expect from artists in a world that produces Buchenwald and drops atomic bombs?" In any event, the fashion in all the arts has been to concentrate on brutality and violence. In the theatre old conventions of taste and morals broke down one by one. The "new wave" of movies are obsessed with physical sex, violence, crime, and psychopathic problems. The men who produce these morbidities are hailed by our "critics" as the masters of their art. The violence of television programs needs no comment. Novels have shown the same trend. Is it any wonder that people become morally and spiritually benumbed?

What has happened to the Puritan ideal which was once a pillar of our greatness? Particularly that aspect of the Puritan creed which enjoined one to affirmative good works, not merely to negative avoidance? Heaven knows there is little enough affirmative duty in our legal and moral ideals. If I am in a boat from which a child falls out, and I honestly fear the child might pull me over, neither our law nor our morals holds me guilty of murder if I refuse to put out a hand to save the child from drowning. During the past fifty years I have listened to enormously successful revivalists from Billy Sunday to

Billy Graham. All they shouted was, "Don't dance, don't drink, don't risk sex, don't, don't, don't." No one said, "Go to Armageddon and battle for the Lord." Despite all the trials for heresy, no one has ever been prosecuted for failure to obey Christ's second great commandment.

The old-time moralists used to find glory in warlike deeds. Napoleon Bonaparte declared that war became really ugly when democracy got hold of it, but he never visualized hundreds of millions of people numbly facing the threat of a war where the civilian would be the chief military objective, where there would be no brave boys marching out to fight the enemy's brave boys, where the most arrant cowards could easily be the victors if they could shoot the missiles with the greatest speed and accuracy. No wonder Herman Kahn is our mentor. We will wait to see if ten, sixty, or a hundred million will die, and, then, like ants that escaped the destruction of their anthill, we will rush efficiently back to try to rebuild it.

Despairingly, I asked myself: Why can't we use, now, that energy to take preventive measures?

By this time it was very late. Despair in darkness is always exaggerated. I tried to console myself with this thought and went back to bed.

Light Through the Darkness

But my sleep was fitful. Ideas continued to churn around in my mind at every waking interval. I went back to the confusion between notions of disarmament and notions of peace. Disarmament deals largely with the control of weapons of physical force. Peace involves, almost entirely, the problem of how the human being can control himself. And one of the methods man has always used to control himself is to set up a person, or a group, who can threaten him with weapons of physical force superior to anything possessed by the individual. Hence the confusion. Disarmament deals with the reduction or elimination of force; peace requires the use of physical force. This point, it occurred to me, is one that many people do not understand. I decided to analyze it further.

Whether one subscribes to the doctrine of original sin, or believes that all of us suffer from inevitable infant trauma, one thing is clear: Men and women build up within themselves drives of cruelty and ferocity toward each other which are unequaled by any other species. (I have often thought that it is misleading to say man acts like a brute; we should say that a ferocious dog acts like a man.) When men and women join together in great numbers, forming a crowd, or "the masses," the ferocity and cruelty rise not only in degree but also become unrestrainable by any sort of intelligent argument—even the argument that their own safety is involved. When a mob, or an individual, is carried away by rage, anger, or pure sadistic impulses, it can't control itself; it won't and can't "listen to reason"; so we have to use force—a police force, state troopers, federal marshals, prison guards. Man, as now constituted, can't have a peaceful civilization without them.

The force-wielders are a necessary

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

JUST ANAGRAMS

This batch comes from Howard J. Green of Los Angeles, California, and the solutions will come easier if you have some wooden alphabets handy. Answers on page 28, in any case.

1. Noted sinner
3. Must sue poet
2. A newer heart
4. No prior acts
5. Insures a cat
6. Tim is top man
7. Dine a doctor
8. Serve unto me
9. Is it one trip?
10. Teeny points

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adjunct to the structure of a peaceful society, but they are only an adjunct. The existence of a police force, except as such an adjunct, is meaningless. Whether armed to the teeth, or limited to clubs, no evil will be eliminated or any dispute settled because they exist. Their great importance comes from their being *part of the machinery* which eliminates evils and settles disputes, *and* enforces the rules and decision it makes.

Disarmament deals largely with the kind of weapons that force-wielders shall be permitted to have. Obviously, whatever is decided, it won't remove any international plague-spots, settle any international disputes, or enforce any international agreements. As disputes and broken treaties are what lead to war, disarmament alone can't end war, and if a war started, even the limitations of weapons, embodied in old-fashioned treaties, would become scraps of paper. In short, disarmament is impossible unless there is a means of enforcing the conferees' decrees. This means a world which also has machinery for correcting international evils, settling international disputes, and enforcing international agreements.

THIS leads to the proposition which politicians fear to bring out in the open: The only means of saving ourselves from disaster is to set up such machinery, with an International Police Force as an adjunct. This proposition is deemed unpatriotic by millions of people; hence, politicians avoid facing it. But even if it were brought out in the open, some difficult questions would remain. Would we not fear, rather than trust, any international police force and the people authorized to run the machinery of which the police were an adjunct?

Here we come to the basic question. Why will people—our own people, for instance—accept such a superforce? Why have we no fear of our police, our state troopers, our federal marshals, the FBI? Why do we assume, quite rightly, that they will protect us rather than oppress us?

A mayor, his councilmen, the police chief, and his men might all be born and bred in one city ward; nonetheless, we should expect their civic loyalty to be superior to their place of birth; we asume that the force will be ordered to protect us and will do so, against all lawbreakers, including those born in that ward. We assume, similarly, that the loyalty of a governor and his state troopers to their state is superior to their loyalty to their home cities, and we assume that the loyalty of the President, and of Congress, and of the federal marshals, to the Union is superior

"Sir! I have a normal Englishman's reserve and self-restraint but if you shout 'Vive de Gaulle' just once more I shall cane you out into the street."

to their loyalty to any state. This suggests the proposition that people will not be fit to run the machinery of international settlement and enforcement unless they have developed a loyalty to the world, to the whole human race.

But is it possible to make billions of people see this? We Americans fought a four-year Civil War to convince ourselves that loyalty to the Union must be superior to loyalty to a state. Mankind can't fight a nuclear war to prove the need for loyalty to the human race; the race would destroy itself in the process. A method of peaceful persuasion must be found.

IF IT is found, I then asked myself, will there be time to use it? Hardly a month goes by without a public threat to use nuclear arms for some minor objective. Sooner rather than later one of these challenges will be accepted. Is it not fantastically optimistic to believe that, before this happens, people can be made to see the need for loyalty to the human race and develop men and women willing to give such loyalty?

Perhaps so; but perhaps not. The peoples of the world are quite obviously in a state of seething change; not only in the USSR, but also in Africa, Asia, Western Europe. What and who will emerge from this change? It could be sudden and startling. What if the social scientists and politicians and other cynics tell us today that a spiritual movement by which humanity shall control and thereby save itself is impossible? There may exist today a man, a group, an idea, that can deliver that "knock on the forehead" which will rouse the world from its brutalized numbness and set off a spiritual revolution which outruns the atomic one. All we need is the conviction that salvation lies not merely in negative injunctions to eschew evil, but in the affirmative duty to take action to bring about the good.

Such a conviction can sweep the world. The cynics tell us that "the masses" can only be led to brutality and ferocity; but in truth crowds can also be led to acts of heroism and self-sacrifice. Exactly how and why such things come about is perhaps beyond human knowledge. When the disciples despairingly asked Christ, "Who, then, shall be saved?" he replied, "With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." But man must be willing to do God's work, even if he has no idea where it may lead him. For I think it likely that, if change comes, it will be a change that no one today can conceive of.

Suddenly I noticed that light was streaming in through the window. The dawn comes quickly in a Moscow summer. Inevitably, I wondered if human change could come as rapidly. Then my eye fell on some notes on the window table. There was a quotation from Mr. Justice Holmes: "I think it probable that Civilization somehow will last as long as I care to look ahead—perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also to greatness and splendor by science. I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it never has seen but is to be, that man may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace."

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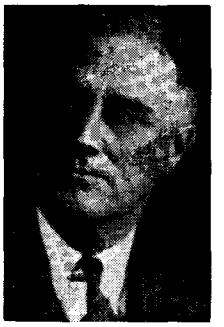
REUNION ON CHANNEL 13



By HALLOWELL BOWSER

EARLY last month New York's educational television station, WNDT, presented a ninety-minute program on the thirtieth anniversary of Franklin D. Roosevelt's first Inauguration. Because of the city's newspaper blackout, the show went largely unheralded; it is, in fact, doubtful that more than a comparative handful of viewers, as television statistics are reckoned, watched it. But for those who did, it was, from first to last, a memorable demonstration of TV at its best.

To the casual tuner-in, there was no great promise of excitement to come. The show's moderator, WNDT program manager Richard D. Heffner, seemed simply to have assembled a few old film clips, and to have brought together in the WNDT (Channel 13) studio five men once close to Roosevelt. Heffner's guests were Henry A. Wallace, James A. Farley, James Roosevelt, Thomas G. Corcoran, and Ernest K. Lindley.*

Seen close up on the screen, all five New Deal veterans at first looked ashen-faced, startingly old, and unmistakably ill at ease. But a few deft questions from Mr. Heffner brought them alive, and soon they were talking with animation and purpose about the Depression-blighted Thirties.

Still visibly moved after thirty years, James Roosevelt recalled his father's horror, and his own, at seeing people living out in the open along Chicago's river banks, sheltered only by the bridges running high overhead. The Secret Service agents escorting President Hoover and candidate Roosevelt actually feared, he said, that desperate unemployed men would offer both men violence as they toured the big cities.

America's farmers, Henry Wallace added, were just as angry and desperate because of evictions and foreclosures. "Farmers aren't hell-raisers particularly," Wallace said grimly, ". . . but when they get desperate, they get really desperate, I'll say that."

And unemployment was not, James Farley interjected, only a matter of class and caste: "Many girls who had gone to finishing schools and frankly didn't have very much ability of any kind outside of . . . the social graces . . . who had to get an income of some kind . . . were delighted to come and work in the [Democratic Committee headquarters]."

Then Thomas Corcoran, once a young lawyer with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, recalled with frightening earnestness how close our banking system had come to collapse: "I remember the terrible struggle I went through in my own conscience two weeks before Mr. Roosevelt came into office. Should I take my own money out of the bank or leave it in? And I remember the compromise I made for myself. I had a grandfather . . . who was a sailor man. And he used to say, 'In a storm, one hand for yourself and the other for the ship.' So . . . I solemnly went down to the bank, took out one half of my money, and left the other half in order to salve my conscience."

The picture of Depression despair was rounded out by Henry Wallace with a startling claim. It was known, he said, that in case the collapse did occur, a small group within our military planned to take over the country.

Then Heffner swung the talk around to Franklin D. Roosevelt's candidacy, his 1932 victory over Hoover, and his first weeks in office.

Interestingly, the veteran New Dealers made Roosevelt seem doubly impressive by not describing him in larger-than-life, Marines-to-the-rescue terms. Instead, they gave a sober, moving, balanced account of him, not omitting Walter Lippmann's famous depreciation of Roosevelt as ". . . a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President."

Along the way, they hit at the tendency to see Roosevelt as a charm boy who won the Presidency by exuding charisma, glowing in the dark, and scattering stardust in the electorate's eyes. As Ernest Lindley made clear, the campaign crowds listened to Roosevelt closely and critically, ". . . looking him over, taking his measurements. He was not a messiah; they didn't regard him as one."

Among the most remarkable moments of the program were those given over to Roosevelt's ringing First Inaugural Address. Seeing and hearing it in its entirety after thirty years, even the most unregenerate Liberty Leaguer must have been struck by Roosevelt's vitality and "presence."

Yet here again, we were jolted into remembering that his contemporaries saw Roosevelt as a man, not a messiah: for, improbably, throughout the historic speech, dozens of strangely assorted citizens milled, spilled, and visited back and forth across the speaker's platform, cheerfully oblivious of their orating President.

At one point two witless-looking blondes ambled up behind Roosevelt and stared at him in open disbelief. You could almost hear one of them saying, "Gee, Mabel, why is he carrying on so?"

BUT in the WNDT studio, and very likely in most living rooms reached by the program, the effect of the speech was stunning. As it ended, the studio cameras quickly switched to closeups of the old New Dealers, catching such expressions of poignancy and yearning remembrance as one seldom sees on faces trained to hide inner feelings from the public gaze.

Thomas Corcoran certainly said it for his colleagues when he confessed, "I get excited when I hear that voice again. I mean, this is the kind of voice that draws spirits from the vasty deep . . . this is sheer excitement of leadership. . . . That blast on the horn is worth a thousand men. You just listen to it. Even over thirty years, you hear it again. . . ."

The program enjoyed such a "word-of-mouth" in the New York area that it was re-run on March 9 and will be shown again on April 8. Meanwhile, stations in Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Sacramento have shown the tape, and it seems likely that other cities will be heard from.

A final echo from the program: It seems Richard Heffner and James Benjamin, the show's producer, had quite a time persuading the guests to appear. Busy career men all, they insisted that vital problems of the here-and-now should take precedence over the dead past. Anyway, they said, it was unlikely that the public would tune in to hear a group of aging men talk about times gone by.

*Wallace, who served as Secretary of Agriculture, Vice President, and Secretary of Commerce in the Roosevelt administrations, today operates an experimental farm in New York State; Farley, Roosevelt's Postmaster-General, is now chairman of the board of the Coca-Cola Export Company; Roosevelt, the former President's eldest son, is now serving his fifth term as Democratic Congressman from California; Corcoran, a leading New Deal brain-truster and drafter of some of the most controversial legislation of the Roosevelt period, practices law in Washington; Lindley, author of a Roosevelt biography and one-time New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, covered Roosevelt's activities in Albany and Washington and is now special assistant to the Secretary of State.

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March 4, 1933: A Television Reminiscence

(These excerpts from the television program described on the opposite page appear here through special arrangement with Station WNDT, New York.)

HEFFNER: It was a misty gray Saturday afternoon, March 4, 1933, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was sworn in by Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes as the thirty-second President of the United States. Thousands stood before the Capitol building and watched. Millions more listened by radio, and millions more wondered what sort of man was Franklin Roosevelt? What sort of President would he be? What action would he take . . . to revive a shattered economy and a demoralized people? Those who lived through that time well remember what it was like. Among the key figures of his New Deal were the guests who have gathered here tonight, three decades later, close advisers, aides, friends of Franklin Roosevelt during that dark winter of 1933. . . . Now, tonight, these men will share with us some of their memories of that day . . . and of those times when economic collapse had carried the nation to what seemed to be a point of no return. What was the state of the nation in the fall of 1932 and the winter of 1933 . . . ? Mr. Lindley, you'd been on the campaign train in '32. How were the American people taking this depression?

LINDLEY: Well, I think time was running out for the United States at that time. If we couldn't get this turned around within a year, the whole country might fall apart. And I think it was literally possible. That was the spirit of the times and you just simply had to move. . . .

WALLACE: There was a small segment in the military that thought that. You remember that situation?

LINDLEY: Yes, I do remember that.

WALLACE: That was a widespread feeling. It wasn't that it would happen the next day or the next week, but after all, things had been getting worse. . . .

HEFFNER: Let me go back again to the campaign train and ask Congressman Roosevelt what your father's reaction was to what he saw as you campaigned and barnstormed up and down the country. . . .

ROOSEVELT: Well, of course, I think it came home to you everywhere you went, in very first-hand style. I can remember, for instance, riding along the streets of Chicago and crossing over the bridges, and being personally horrified to see people sleeping under the bridges down by the water, and saying to Father something about, "Gee, that's a funny place for a fellow to sleep," and his turning to me and saying, "Well, he doesn't sleep there; he lives there. And he's lucky if he can get enough to eat there to be able to stay on instead of falling into the river." And I remember going through—I am sure you remember—in Detroit that the Secret Service were actually worried because I believe they had been warned . . . there was actual fear that there might be violence, not from the point of view, I think, of any hatred of the individual but of an expression of desperation that existed. . . . But I think the thing that struck me most . . . in the campaign . . . [was] this: I used to get worried because in the speeches as they were made to crowds there was not in many instances a great outpouring of tremendous cheering or the kind of political hoopla that you might expect in a partisan crowd. There was a kind of a sobering desire to listen. And I would always say, "Well, gee, we didn't get much response from that speech." I don't think it worried Father because he understood that the people were listening. They weren't ready to just wildly applaud. . . . They wanted to find out whether this man was going to do anything—

FARLEY: They wanted to hear what he had to say and what steps he was going to take to clear up the difficulties. . . .

HEFFNER: Mr. Wallace, a moment ago you mentioned something about the military. This was a kind of cryptic remark and I wonder if you want to enlarge upon it.

WALLACE: Well, I got my information from the cousin of my wife who was a reserve Army officer and there was a certain group in the military . . . that felt that your father, Jim, was a weak man. And that they had to be prepared to take over in case things did fall apart. . . .

CORCORAN: I should say the attitude was one of quiet desperation. I had gone down [to Washington] a year before on loan from a Democratic Wall Street law office. We had gone through 1929; we'd gone through . . . the crack—the second crack—in the market. Everyone who was knowledgeable in the Street and responsible in the Street knew that the banking structure was in desperate shape. And early in 1932 a bipartisan operation called the RFC, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which Mr.—you once headed that, as I remember, Henry?

WALLACE: No, no, I never did.

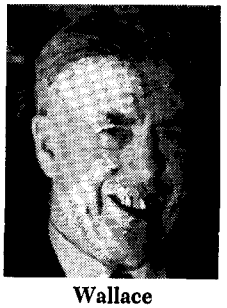
CORCORAN: —was set up to try to see if we could plaster over the cracks in the banking structure until something would turn up. And there were a group of very able men in that group. There was Jesse Jones, there was Eugene Meyer, who later created the *Washington Post*, who was head of the Federal Reserve Bank; they were a group of as able men as I think have ever been put together.

HEFFNER: Well, you talk about days of quiet desperation. And you talk about the terrible situation in the country. But I recall then Walter Lippmann's comment on the situation and on Franklin Roosevelt's capacity to meet it. He said of FDR's candidacy: "It is now plain that sooner or later some of Governor Roosevelt's supporters are going to feel badly let down. For it is impossible that he can continue to be such different things to such different men. Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader. He is no tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President. . . ." How did [Roosevelt] feel himself about his own abilities? Congressman Roosevelt, what were his inner feelings . . . ? What was the extent and the depth of his own feelings about his abilities to handle this challenge?

ROOSEVELT: Of course, I suppose no man can say what another man's inner feelings really are. You can only get an impression. My own impression was that he didn't really pay too much attention

Continued on page 57

Roosevelt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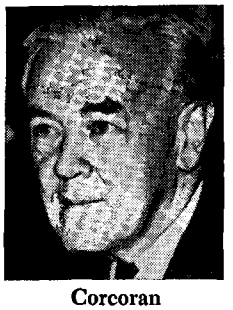
Corcoran

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Sparta and America

MENTION the word Sparta, and immediately there comes to mind a vision of young men sewn tightly into their uniforms and attitudes—a nation rigid with ideas of military duty and glory, a way of life as bleak as it was determined. Yet Sparta was not always that way. Its early history, strangely overlooked or at least slighted in our education, tells of a people on warm terms with the muse, culturally alive and accomplished, their poets and philosophers enjoying high station and influence.

What, then, happened? Why should a people so well endowed in the arts become a garrison community, pressing the individuality out of their young and refashioning their lives in the martial mold? The answer is not that they were misled by evil men. The Spartans were not gulled or subdued by power-hungry generals who hated anything intellectual or cultural. What happened in Sparta was that the conditions affecting the security of the nation inevitably affected the values of the people. These conditions derived mainly from the disorganized nature of the Greek world.

For all its combined philosophical and creative splendor, ancient Greece was still in the age of the cave so far as the relations among the states themselves were concerned. Whatever the emphasis on principle and form might have been in the discourses on the private and philosophical level, there was nothing but anarchy in the dealings among the Greek states.

Some states had to pay a higher price than others for the inability to bring order to the group. Sparta, as an inland nation, perhaps had to pay the highest price of all. It did not open out on the seas, as did Athens. It could not fight its wars at a distance, as Athens often did. And, decade by decade, as the insecurity and uncertainty resulting from the anarchy among the states mounted, so did the military preparations of the Spartans. The army was visible, tangible, omnipresent. Prolonged reliance on a military establishment eventually and inevitably made that establishment supreme. It was bound to affect and dominate the values of the people.

The relationship between direct access to the seas and an open and free society has been observed by such disparate observers as Thucydides and Admiral Mahan. But the theory can now be laid to rest—at least in its present application. We are now living in the first period in history in which a fortunate geography is no longer a key factor in determining the security of a nation. A powerful navy has ceased to be a dominant precondition of a great and free society. For in the modern world, all nations have become Spartas—in the sense that they are all now subject to the stresses formerly experienced only by inland nations. Their cities and citizens are immediately accessible and totally vulnerable. Inevitably, the role of the military in national affairs becomes increasingly important, Again, this is not a matter of ambitious generals or admirals conspiring to seize control. The source of the problem is the need to maintain unlimited and indefinite military preparedness. But at some point in the process, the military complex becomes metabolized in the bloodstream of the nation's economic and political life. People not only get used to the fact of large-scale production for military purposes; they come to accept it as a natural and essential part of their society.

When President Eisenhower, in his farewell talk to the American people, warned of the dangers of the "military-industrial complex," what did he have in mind? Obviously, the United States is a long way from being a Spartan garrison state. Obviously, too, the nation is not so preoccupied with military matters that it is unable to philosophize or read or paint or make music. It is likely that what President Eisenhower had in mind was that a gravitational shift is taking place in the sources of national influence. Pressures for maintaining a vast military establishment have been growing in direct proportion to the size of that establishment—quite apart from the international situation that brought the establishment into being in the first place. A large part of the pressure comes not from military headquarters but from civilians who fear that the economic equilibrium will somehow be disturbed. Any Congressman with defense installations, large or small, in his district has been under the gun to keep those installations from being eliminated or even reduced. By the time the pressures reach the President's desk, they have a political and economic and not just a military coloration.

THE essential question, of course, is not just what the situation is today but what it is likely to be ten or fifteen years from now. Sparta's changeover did not come about overnight. But the effects of prolonged accommodation to military requirements in our economy and in the body politic cannot be minimized. Responsible men in industry like Ralph Cordiner have stressed the need to plan for a return to a normal economy when circumstances permit. And scholars like Seymour Melman have been working on plans that should give the nation substantial confidence in its ability to function fully without large military additives.

Basically, the American people must come to recognize that peace and freedom are utterly consistent, that they need not fear that economic catastrophe will follow a drastic lowering of the international fever, and that the answer resides today where it has always been; namely, in the human intelligence and imagination. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CLUBWOMEN AND THE NAB

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON, in his article "Mr. Labunski and the Camp Fire Girls [*SR*, Feb. 23], attempts to show that the National Association of Broadcasters ridicules clubwomen through the words of a "member" when the clubwomen speak out on television programming, and praises clubwomen through news releases when they want to give broadcasters awards.

In his anxiety to prove his point, Mr. Shayon contrasts formal statements of NAB and a speech by Stephen B. Labunski, vice president and general manager of Radio Station WMCA, New York City. He then attempts to support his contention by describing Mr. Labunski as an NAB member and a subscriber to the NAB Radio Code (called the Radio Broadcasters Creed by Mr. Shayon).

Membership in the NAB cannot be held by individuals, nor can individuals subscribe to the Radio Code, and Mr. Labunski's station, WMCA, has never been a member of NAB and has never subscribed to the Radio Code.

I hope Mr. Shayon will be more careful of his facts in the future.

JOHN M. COURIC,
National Association of Broadcasters.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Shayon replies: "In his anxiety to make his point Mr. Couric misinterprets the target of my piece. I did not attempt to show that the NAB ridicules clubwomen. I was commenting on Mr. Labunski's expedient ambivalence. I apologize for according to Mr. Labunski membership in the NAB. The organization is so dominant in the industry that one knows but can forget that, as Mr. Couric says, not all stations are members."*

SHOTS IN THE DARK

AS ONE WHO HAS long admired the photography of Rene Barter-Croissant and in fact is one of the few Americans to own an original Barter-Croissant print, I can say—and prove—that this gentleman had nothing to do with the article "Shoot First" [*SR*, Mar. 16]. Lester and Patricia K. Brooks have used his pictures—but mangled his work.

For one thing, B-C (if I may refer to him as we do at the Club) would never provide such misinformation in noting exposures as was done here. Camera, film, exposure—sure—but B-C invariably notes also *time of day* and exact day and date. It is here that the true technique lies. For example, the Ninfe Tower photo (one of the best from his "reflection" period) was shot at 3:27 P.M. on November 19. B-C himself remarked that, with the same exposure and film, had he exposed even 30 minutes earlier, he would never have achieved the magnificent lack of detail in the shadows, the anonymity of sky and water.

Further, it is a matter of common knowledge that Warwickschmid Castle was destroyed in a bombing raid exactly one year, two months, and three days before the Mimbley Model S, 35mm camera, was placed on the market. Only a bungling novice could mistake the Model S for the Model Q-7, which was—and still is—B-C's favorite.

I might add that B-C used Periplex-X film once once, an experimental roll, and I do not think it was during his "wayside" period—but I'm not sure.

MILTON RIBACK.

New York, N.Y.

"Where have you been? Your Crusade returned six months ago."

RENE BARTER-CROISSANT'S "Shoot First" was very interesting. Regarding the photo of the Arcadia XIV, the author mentioned that the gray scale could be extended by overexposing with a bit of pocket lint stretched over the lens. Would you please explain this?

Thank you for a very rewarding article.

JOHN G. NOAKES.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

IT'S ABOUT TIME that someone thumbed his nose at the "art photographer" whose effects are due more to accidents than intelligent editing.

Your review of the "Art of Rene Barter-Croissant" does this admirably. I hope that it will be generally understood and properly evaluated.

GEORGE MARSH.

Hingham, Mass.

SACCO-VANZETTI REVISITED

THE QUESTION OF guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti is too deeply involved in historical controversy to leave unanswered a single substantial misstatement, even at this late date.

Francis Russell, the author of the most recent book, *Tragedy in Dedham*, makes serious errors in his letter in *SR* of November 24 commenting on my review of his book [*SR*, Sept. 8]. Mr. Russell writes from Germany without having seen the review or having access to his files. He misquotes me as having written him a year before his book was published that the trial counsel, Moore, had told me that "he believed Sacco guilty and Vanzetti possibly guilty."

Not at all. What I wrote was that while Moore "had no question as to the complete innocence of Vanzetti, he had doubts about Sacco as either to his participation or his knowledge of those involved." I added that I regarded Moore as wholly unreliable.

Mr. Russell writes that I requested him to withhold my statement after I learned that he had altered his opinion as to the innocence of Sacco. I had no notion of Mr. Russell's opinions a year ago. I asked him not to quote my letter without consulting me solely because "I did not want to seem in the position of sharing Moore's doubts." He replied that he had the same information from "a number of people." Obviously he did not need mine.

ROGER BALDWIN.

New York, N.Y.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

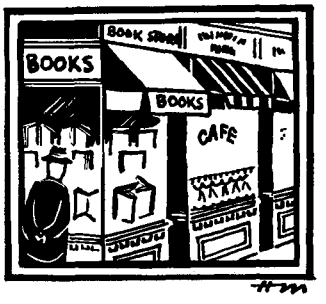
No Time for Anger

IN THE two novels of his that I have read—*Lucky Jim* and *I Like It Here*—Kingsley Amis has presented an interesting type of young man. Although Jim Dixon and Garnet Bowen are not exactly alike, they belong to the same species. They are bright, irresponsible, free from illusions, and cheerful. They follow the line of least resistance: Bowen is no more interested in a literary career than Dixon is in teaching. They have a gift for getting into trouble, and a gift for getting out of it again. In politics they are vaguely pro-Labour, not out of devotion to any system of ideas but because they are in favor of change for change's sake, dislike stuffed shirts, and esteem personal liberty. They might be Angry Young Men if they were not having too much fun to find more than a little time for anger.

The first three stories in *My Enemy's Enemy* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), all of them apparently growing out of Amis's experience in the Royal Corps of Signals during World War II, reveal earlier stages in the development of the type. In the first and title story, a young officer with an Oxford degree resents the officiousness and petty nastiness of an adjutant, but will not risk his neck to protect the victim of one of this tyrant's schemes. He is properly rebuked by a regular Army man, on whom he has always looked down, and one presumes that he learns a lesson.

In the second story we have another tyrant, Major Raleigh, and another victim, Lieutenant Archer, who gets himself out of a scrape with some of Lucky Jim's bold ingenuity. The same characters appear in the third story, the longest and most complicated of the three. The issue is simply stated: "The Army puts power into the hands of chaps who've never had it before, not that sort of power, and they use it to inflict injuries on other chaps whom they happen to dislike for personal reasons." There are larger implications, for this is the summer of 1945, and both officers and men are concerned with the General Election. In a mock Parliament Sergeant Hargreaves, a man of good will, clashes with Sergeant Doll, an avowed Fascist. Archer, disliking the latter and sympathizing in a general way with the former, defines to himself the kind of England he wants—"full of girls and drinks and jazz and books and decent houses and decent jobs and being your own boss." Raleigh finds himself frustrated by a strange alliance between Doll and Archer, and he is crushed by the Labour victory. An experienced and at the moment not quite sober colonel says to Archer, "A very good preparation, the Army." "For what?" "Just about everything. You'll have learnt a lot in the last few years which will stand you in good stead when you get into the great world." Archer asks in astonishment, "You mean that this is what *life* is like?" And the colonel answers, "Roughly." That is another lesson, one that Jim Dixon and Garnet Bowen—and Kingsley Amis—have learned.

THREE of the remaining stories concern civilian life. In one of them the narrator, a librarian, finds a young woman who has turned to prostitution much more admirable than the social worker who wants to change her ways.



"To judge by the representative upstairs," he reflects, "being a prostitute was something you could be done a power of good by, and without having to be horrible first, either." And later on, when the social worker has done her duty, he thinks: "It was true enough that you had to have social workers, in the same way that you had to have prison wardens, local government officials, policemen, military policemen, nurses, parsons, scientists, mental-hospital attendants, politicians and—for the time being anyway, God forgive us all—hangmen. That didn't mean that you had to feel friendly disposed towards any such person, bar the odd nurse perhaps, and then only on what you might call extrinsic grounds."

"Interesting Things" is a slight, friendly study of a working class girl who knows what she wants. "All the Blood Within Me" describes the end of a romantic, unconsummated love. At

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first Amis seems to be sympathetic to his enamored hero, but one knows that he cannot really be taken in by this guff, and of course he isn't. In the end, though the hero clings to his illusions, the reader sees how ridiculous he is.

The last story, "Something Strange," a venture into science fiction, is interesting because of Amis's concern with the genre, which led to the publication a few years ago of "New Maps of Hell," based on a series of lectures delivered at Princeton University. The story is, or purports to be, an account of the experiences of four people, two men and two women, living in some sort of space station. As in the best science fiction, according to Amis's analysis, a good many implausibilities are quickly passed over, while there is strong concentration on realistic minor details. Then at the end there is a skilful twist that not only surprises the reader and answers his questions but also serves to make a point about contemporary society.

The short story, it seems to me, is not Amis's forte. Both of the novels I have read are loosely constructed and discursive, and no one would want them to be anything else; but a short story has to be compact and sharp. Amis always seems to have more to say than the form will allow and to be a little unhappy with its limitations. There is no room, for instance, for the kind of farcical incident that so often enlivens the novels and makes them ridiculously funny. Amis tucks in most of the loose ends, but one feels that he wishes he didn't have to.

On the other hand, the stories tell us a great deal about Amis's outlook on life. He is, of course, essentially a comic writer, a kind of British Peter DeVries, without the gags and with rather more wit; but his fundamental seriousness has always been apparent. If, like his unheroic heroes, he usually presents his opinions in a lighthearted fashion, one should not make the mistake of supposing that they are lightly held. Nor should one be surprised that, in "New Maps of Hell," he makes much of the elements of social criticism to be found in science fiction.

Amis has a unique and honorable position in contemporary British fiction. He is not a major writer, and he seems to have no desire to be one, but he is an alert and sensitive observer. Much in modern life he finds distasteful, and he says so in a cheerful but nevertheless emphatic fashion. Much he finds ridiculous, and he knows how to laugh and how to make others laugh. In a world in which it sometimes appears that the only alternatives are complacency and despair he manages to avoid both, and that in itself is a good deal to say.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

HOLY AND UNHOLY WARS

Cross vs. Crescent

The Crusades, *by Henry Treece (Random House. 334 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Crusades,*** *edited by Régine Pernoud, translated by Enid McLeod (Putnam. 295 pp. $5), tell of the expeditions undertaken by medieval Christians to recover the Holy Sepulchre. A student of the Middle Ages, Joanne Greenberg wrote "The King's Persons."*

By JOANNE GREENBERG

IN HIS exciting, well-written book Henry Treece offers a spirited overview of that 150-year campaign which was such a failure as a Christian Holy War and such a success as liberal education for the unsuspecting Franks who undertook it. There have been many books on this subject, most of them marred by the desire of their authors to slant events to conform with their own pet proclivities. Studies of the Crusades tend to be pro-Catholic, anti-Catholic, pro-war, anti-war, etc., but Mr. Treece has managed to produce a fine work without torturing medieval history into the shape of modern theory.

The purpose of the great eastward pushes was often vague in the fervent minds of those who launched them. Too often a pilgrimage was made up of scattered bands of men setting out as independent fighting units lacking in everything but courage; and hindsight tells us that as efforts at conquest they were doomed to failure by the very nature of medieval warfare. The actual motivation for such pilgrimages often changed before the fighters got into Saracen territory, and the influence of the East on its pilgrims also brought about great changes. The barbaric Frank who entered the era of Crusade in 1095 came out in 1200 more tolerant and infinitely more civilized. The last Crusaders quoted the *Koran* to give authority to their land claims.

The author is at his witty best as he follows the wild Christian on his tortuous course to self-improvement, although the writing is vigorous and direct throughout, and the scholarship never weighs heavily on the reader. Mr. Treece uses his amazing memory and eye for detail to bring richness to the realities, and he has brought off this triumph without a single footnote. Such a feat deserves, at the least, a drink of new mead from a golden chalice.

From Mr. Treece's spacious land-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Learned this day from Sam'l Pepys of scurrilous entries concerning me in his diary—fortunately in a secret code known to him alone."

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scape we turn our focus on the individual Crusaders, whose years of travel, pillage, battle, and travail are described in their own words in the work edited by Régine Pernoud. We see them emerge from primitive villages and wooden fortresses, arm themselves, and set out to defend the Holy Sepulchre. Many more of their fellow Christians than Saracens died at their hands. And infinitely more pilgrims turned back than ever came within a bow-shot of the infidel. The worst enemies were those of any war: boredom, thirst, the bungling and quarreling of independent and undisciplined leaders. There is a painfully familiar ring about the complaints of the men who marched toward Jerusalem; one hears the prototype of the doughboy and the dogface of our wars—but there is also a quality of experience that makes these accounts unique and uniquely medieval. There is the poverty, the lack of provisions, the famines that followed the rape of the lands:

> The Turks, when they succeed in slaughtering one of our men at the foot of the walls, throw down iron hooks from the heights to the wretched man . . . then haul up his body . . . strip the corpse and throw it over the wall . . .
> . . . the leaves of trees, vines and thistles were cooked for food. Others cooked and ate the dried skins of horses, camels, oxen and buffalo. We endured this . . . for twenty-six days.

But there is not one hint that either leaders or their chroniclers made any attempt to examine or clarify what the Crusaders hoped to accomplish beyond the capture of the sepulchre; to the larger pattern of their days all were blind. A little literary feuding was the extent of their intellectual concerns:

> . . . . this man [Guilbert says of Fulcher] always writes in turgid language, using only words a foot and a half long and watering down the feeble images of his style. . . .

Never intrusive, Mme. Pernoud's explanatory comments are scholarly and graceful. Nevertheless, by its very nature, her book cannot give the scope of Mr. Treece's. To recreate the era of the Crusades in full and thrilling dimensions, read the Treece volume first and then the Pernoud.

The Land That No One Won

Crusade, Commerce and Culture, *by Aziz S. Atiya (Indiana University Press. 280 pp. $6), and* ***The Crusade: Historiography and Bibliography,*** *by Aziz S. Atiya (Indiana University Press. 170 pp. $5.50), regard the so-called "holy war" as simply "one of the numerous chapters in the relations between East and West" rather than as an expression of fanaticism. Gray C. Boyce is chairman of the Department of History at Northwestern University.*

By GRAY C. BOYCE

IT HAS taken two world wars to make us appreciate fully the importance of the Eastern Question, first for the West and now for the world at large. We have too blandly and too long accepted a no longer tenable view that the Crusade—that entry of the West into the East—began with Urban's effective speech at Clermont in 1095 and ended with the collapse of Western power in the Holy Land in 1291. Aziz Atiya insists that Western penetration of Eastern lands began earlier and, if one follows his argument in these essays, the Crusade as a series of fluctuating tensions between East and West continues until our own day.

Crusade, Commerce and Culture was originally six lectures that, seemingly, have been greatly expanded, for the sections as they now appear would hardly be appropriate for oral presentation. The author notes in his preface that he has had "to grapple with the main features of our course without involvement in the details and minutiae." However, the pages of this book are packed with factual detail—all of it illuminating and most of it important.

It is not a book through which one skips lightly with profit, nor was it meant to be. The expanded lectures consider the earlier solutions to the Eastern Question, the Frankish solution, the Crusade of the late Middle Ages, the Counter-Crusade, medieval commerce in the Levant, and Arab culture and the West in the Middle Ages. If much of the argument concerning the West is familiar to the informed reader, it is in the chapters devoted to conditions in the Islamic East where Atiya speaks with full authority. Few can rival his knowledge of the non-Western sources, which have lain too long neglected by Western scholars. Nevertheless, pages filled with Muslim names (brevity is not characteristic of Eastern nomenclature) and long titles of Islamic works make for tedious reading. But these chapters will furnish in convenient form matter to substantiate or refute generalizations often made on meager evidence by Western writers.

Atiya abandons the medieval idea of the Crusade as a holy war and the Renaissance concept of the movement as an expression of medieval fanaticism and bigotry for the more tenable and certainly more provocative attitude that regards the movement as "one of numerous chapters in the relations between East and West." The familiar story of the Western attack on the East is always a good one, and when presented by an author who has read deeply in the sources it can, with relevant anecdote, be highly entertaining.

What is more important and more essential is to see the movement from the other side. The Westerner had the advantage when, in the early crusading days, he faced a turbulent and divided East. Conditions changed and the East turned against its invaders. If one looks beyond 1291—or even earlier dates—there was not much for Westerners to laud in story and song, and by the sixteenth century the Muslim had gone far indeed. However, "the siege of Vienna in 1529 by land, and the battle of Lepanto in 1571 by sea, marked the end of the Turkish Counter-Crusade and the high point of Ottoman expansion in Europe." It was a longish way from Heraclius and Yarmuk to Sulaiman and the revival of the Counter-Crusade in Europe.

Like the other chapters, that devoted to medieval commerce in the Levant contains much that is familiar, but it is especially welcome for the details provided on business and commercial activities in the Muslim world. Atiya deals interestingly here with the difficulties of medieval coinage—its types, its variable values, its relative importance. He makes no claim that all commerce and trade were to be explained largely by Crusades, and he knows the danger of drawing false inferences from what are only seemingly logical causes. Obviously, he has often relied heavily on Heyd's standard work on Levant commerce, but to this Professor Atiya adds his own rich gleanings from non-Western sources.

This book will be carefully read by those having a serious interest in the Crusades, and the separate volume reserved for additional bibliography will lead them on to make further discoveries for themselves.

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A Century's Battlefields

By FORREST C. POGUE, *combat historian in World War II, who is currently working on a biography of General George C. Marshall.*

HISTORIANS have just about exhausted the possibilities of the Civil War and are looking about for other conflicts to describe. Just now World War I is coming back into favor, and World War II and Korea retain their interest for the reading public.

Hanson Baldwin is editing a Great Battles of History series for Lippincott, of which Charles B. MacDonald's *The Battle of the Huertgen Forest* ($3.95) is the most recent; and Macmillan is rapidly filling the shelves with its British Battle Series, ranging from books on the Spanish Armada to Arnhem. Norton advertises a growing list of war narratives under the title "True Adventures in War," and nearly every other publishing house has one or more current books on the First or Second World War.

Volumes on World War I, which glutted the market in the mid-1930s when pacifist fervor was still high, sharply declined in appeal when World War II approached; and it was not until 1958, when Leon Wolff's *In Flanders Fields* showed that well-written books on the blunders of World War I could be popular, that historians began to comb the records for suitable studies of that conflict. Last year Barbara Tuchman's highly successful *The Guns of August* made clear that a rich lode of memoirs, contemporary journalism, and anti-German propaganda could be successfully mined; and exploration of the Great War got under way.

World War II history, of course, is still a field not completely covered. We seem to be near the end of the "I was there" volumes and the controversial memoirs, and are now getting a number of fairly definitive books on various campaigns and battles of the war. Enough documents have become available for authors to attempt serious evaluations of the operations.

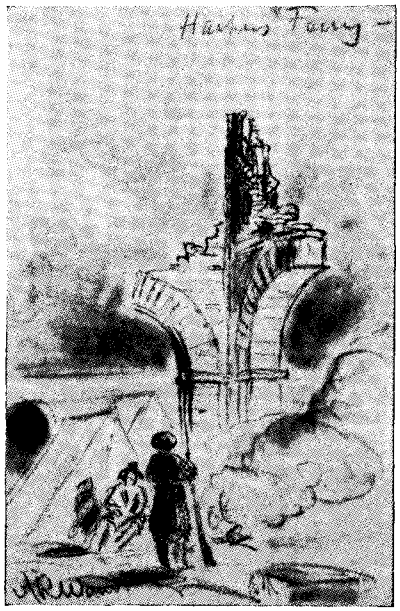
As for the Korean War, we are scarcely out of the first phase of personal accounts. Although there have been several excellent books on the actual fighting, the political controversies involved have tended to overshadow the battle narratives. T. R. Fehrenbach, in *This Kind of War* (Macmillan, $10), manages to range from high-level strategy to squad actions, with a running commentary on our outdated notions about war.

Readers who obtained their first views of the Great War from the works of Siegfried Sassoon, Henri Barbusse, Erich Maria Remarque, or Jules Romains will find a different approach in Brian Gardner's story of the battle of the Somme, *The Big Push* (Morrow, $5), Alistair Horne's volume on Verdun, *The Price of Glory* (St. Martin's, $5.95), Richard Watt's account of the mutinies in the French Army in 1917, *Dare Call It Treason* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), and Barrie Pitt's treatment of the last year of the war, *1918: The Last Act* (Norton, $5.95). Where the earlier books were often strongly pacifist, with bitter denunciations of the futility and bestiality of war, the newer writers are more concerned with its stupidities and cost. The regret for waste of men is there, but the attitude seems to be one of deploring inefficiency rather than of hoping to outlaw conflict.

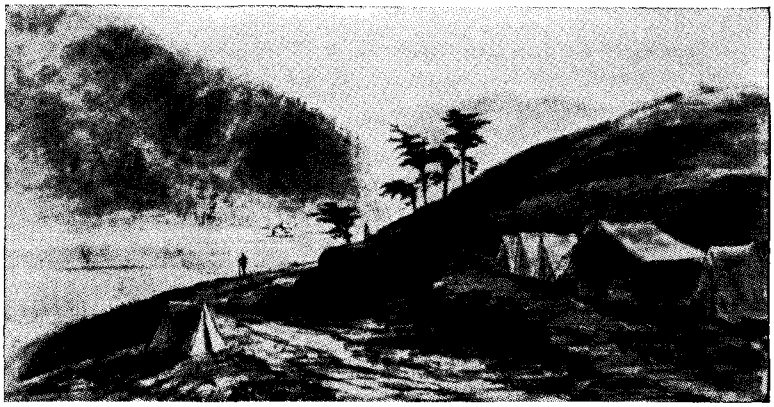
Perhaps the sharpest contrast between the writing of the 1930s and that of the present day may be found by comparing Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory* (published in 1935) and Richard Watt's *Dare Call It Treason*. To Cobb and his contemporaries the mutinies were a reaction to the evils of militarism; to Watt they are due as much to the fault of the government in Paris as to the casualties sustained in the long fight for Verdun and the costly Nivelle offensive.

Alistair Horne's colorful and informative book describes Falkenhayn's care-

SCHOOL OF SUFFERING: The greatness of Herman Melville's novels has tended to obscure his poetry, which was as atypical of his times as his prose. *The Battle-Pieces of Herman Melville*, edited and annotated by Hennig Cohen (Thomas Yoseloff, $7.50), poems on the Civil War, show him to have been as deeply moved as Walt Whitman by that "historic tragedy." This new edition contains a wealth of drawings made on the scene by Alfred and William Waud, "war artists" for *Harper's Weekly*, as well as Melville's prose epilogue expressing his hope that the conflict "may not have been enacted without instructing our whole beloved country through terror and pity . . ."



"Harper's Ferry," by Alfred R. Waud.



"Harper's Ferry by Moonlight," by Alfred R. Waud.

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ful selection of Verdun as a point for attack because of his conviction that France could be bled white there. Although the French fell in with his design, losing thousands of men to hold that famous city, the German Army suffered more than its commander had intended. Neither army ever recovered completely from the effects of the ten months' slaughter in which some 700,000 were killed, wounded, or missing.

When Verdun was followed by a costly spring offensive, a series of mutinies resulted, spreading ultimately to units in at least fifty-four divisions, and involving, Richard Watt estimates, at least 100,000 men. In the most thorough study yet made of these revolts the author shows how weaknesses in the French command, divisions in the government, pacifist and pro-German propaganda, and the growth of war-weariness created for France one of the gravest crises of the conflict.

In both the defense of Verdun and the suppression of the mutinies the hero was General Pétain, who lived long enough to play a different role in World War II. By a mixture of humane treatment and firmness he stopped the uprisings; by making clear that he would not continue his predecessor's type of offensive he won the confidence of his men.

Gardner, Horne, and Watt all show the effects on Britain and France of the loss of thousands of the best men of an entire generation. French defeatism in the 1939-40 period can be attributed partly to the futile blood baths of 1916 and 1917, even as British caution and appeasement in the 1930s owed much to the memories of Flanders and the Somme.

Barrie Pit in *1918: The Last Act* outlines Germany's attempt in March 1918 to exploit the opportunity offered by the withdrawal of Russia from the war by an all-out offensive on the Western Front. Through errors in plans and execution, the growing weakness of her own manpower situation, and the Allies' staunch defensive, the drive was halted. With it went Germany's chance to win the war. From that spring on, the Allied position improved as a steady stream of fresh though only partly trained American units poured into France.

Allied military leaders, with the exception of Pétain and some of the subordinate commanders, receive rough treatment in all four books on World War I. In their judgment of Joffre, Haig, and Foch, the authors have obviously been strongly influenced by the views of B. H. Liddell Hart, whose volumes on the Great War have become the accepted textbooks for the present generation of military historians.

Writers on World War II still deal gently with the commanders of that more recent conflict. While British historians and journalists have shown a growing tendency to downgrade Eisenhower's grasp of strategic affairs, they praise him in his role of Supreme Commander. One or two books have appeared in Britain in the last three years in which Montgomery's handling of his battle in the African desert is strongly criticized, but he still has far more defenders than detractors.

Montgomery's role as a leader figures heavily in four of the books reviewed here. Brigadiers Michael Carver's *El Alamein* (Macmillan, $5) and C. E. Lucas Phillips's *Alamein* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95) praise him as an inspirer of troops and as a field commander. Carver is more inclined than Phillips to concede that Montgomery may have been overcautious in exploiting his success; while Phillips, unlike many British writers, gives some credit for the victory to the mistakes made by Rommel.

Phillips has written the most thorough account of El Alamein yet to appear. His graphic descriptions of desert combat, the weapons and their employment, the fighting units and their commanders, are accompanied by splendid maps and charts and excellent photographs.

In Martin Blumenson's *The Duel for France: 1944* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95), a detailed but highly readable account of the Allied breakout from the hedgerows of Normandy and the pursuit of the German armies through France in the summer of 1944, Montgomery appears as a cautious commander whose delays in taking Caen and pushing on towards Paris caused criticism in Britain and the United States. It was General Bradley who evolved a plan—COBRA—to prepare the way for the breakout on the American right wing of the Allied line.

Drawing on the official records and combat interviews used in his earlier Department of the Army volume on the Normandy campaign, Blumenson presents an effective and balanced picture of the summer battle for France. From both German and Allied sources he follows the vain efforts of von Kluge to hold back the British and American armies, the entrapment of part of the German army in the Argentan-Falaise area, and the relief and subsequent suicide of the German commander. The author catches the excitement of the sweeping Allied drive for the German border. He gives full measure of praise to General Patton's Third Army for its armored thrusts, but sees to it that the reader knows there were three other armies that did a fine job of ground-gaining.

In *The Battle of Arnhem* (Macmillan, $5) Christopher Hibbert observes Montgomery in a bolder mood. Stirred to exceptional optimism by the dash through northern France and Belgium in late August 1944, the Field Marshal decided to try for a foothold across the Rhine before his drive lost its momentum. To launch a successful airborne attack on Arnhem, he had to have good weather and quick ground reinforcement—conditions difficult to guarantee. When poor flying conditions were added to the unexpected presence of German units near the bridgehead, the British airborne effort was condemned to almost certain failure; and when ground troops, moving with a caution born of the conviction that the war was almost over, failed to come up on time, the bridgehead had to be abandoned.

Before the Ardennes counteroffensive ended American hopes for a breakthrough to the Rhine before the end of 1944, the First U.S. Army tried an attack through the Huertgen Forest that resulted in the type of attritional warfare more characteristic of the First World War than of the Second. Charles MacDonald, a company commander in the fighting just south of the Forest, has brought firsthand knowledge to his spirited chronicle of the trials of the Americans in snow and cold and darkness. He blames the First Army for its decision to strike through this heavily wooded terrain rather than in the somewhat more open country further south.

In the Huertgen Forest, as at Verdun and on the Somme, soldiers of the United States, Britain, and France displayed the tremendous capacity of the human race to withstand the strains imposed by man and nature. In Stanley L. Falk's *Bataan: The March of Death* (Norton, $3.95) we see that even in defeat, ill, half-starved, and brutally treated men can find the will and the strength to live. Dr. Falk makes clear that the sufferings of the U.S. and Philippine prisoners was not due so much to deliberate Japanese policy as to the weakened condition of the Americans at the beginning of the march, the lack of sufficient supplies for the unexpectedly large number of prisoners, and a breakdown in command. The Japanese soldier, he notes, was accustomed to being beaten for small infractions of rules; he did not see why he should act with more kindness towards his captives.

This Kind of War is a massive account of the Korean struggle in which Mr. Fehrenbach attempts to deal with its every phase. Small unit actions, related with great skill, are interrupted by reflections on American foreign pol-

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icy, command decisions, and the need for conventional forces to fight limited wars. Angry over many aspects of the war, the author still manages to avoid questioning the motives of the chief figures on the political and military scene. He feels that all the principals in the controversies were good Americans, but that most of them were not prepared for the type of fighting required by a nuclear age. Although a fierce believer in a professional army to do our fighting, he is opposed to generals making foreign policy.

The book is almost too heavy to hold, but it is handsome to look at. Its photographs are particularly striking and the numerous maps are extremely helpful. The volume is likely to irritate everyone who has fixed views on the Korean War, but the author—a former company commander and battalion officer in Korea—catches the feel of battle and describes vividly the reaction of the soldiers to a war they had not been trained to fight. Highly provocative in its judgments, the book will force thoughtful readers to re-examine some of their own views about war in the 1960s.

In none of these volumes is there any of the zest or nostalgia for battle that marks much Civil War history. But neither is there, even amidst the most brutal tales of bloodshed, any suggestion that we can end international strife. The pacifism that accompanied many earlier books on World War I seems to have been blotted out by World War II and by the period of tension that has followed. Indeed, in his book on Korea, Mr. Fehrenbach accepts armed conflict —limited if possible—as a normal concomitant of life in our times.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1026

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1026 will be found in the next issue.

OMHE JAY YWA HMOA DFN VATHJ QTYYE, FHGE YF GFKA YWA SNABTY FD VATHJ KAHKTVGA.

JNMSTMH.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1025

How many people become abstract as a way of appearing profound!
—JOUBERT.

ANCIENT PEOPLES

Christianity on the Nile

A Lonely Minority: The Modern Story of Egypt's Copts, *by Edward Wakin (Morrow. 178 pp. $4.50), explores a comparatively little-known Christian community in an officially Mohammedan country. Joel Carmichael is the author of "The Death of Jesus" and other works on the Middle East and Africa.*

By JOEL CARMICHAEL

SO FEW people are aware of the number of Christians in the Middle East that Edward Wakin's book is likely to come as a revelation. His highly readable and urbanely authoritative account of the Coptic community of Egypt will give the general reader some insight into the complex pattern of real life underlying the false and banal assumption of Middle Eastern uniformity.

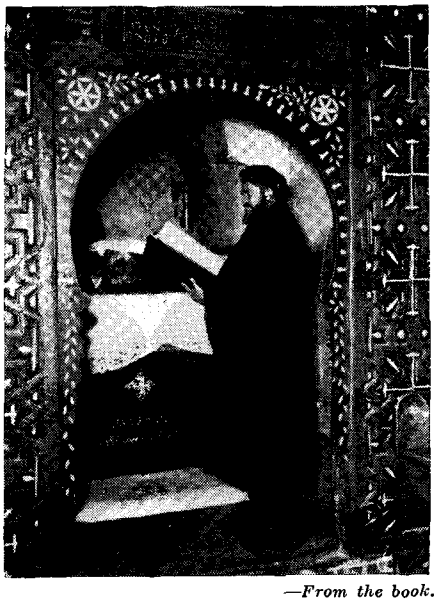
The Copts are, of course, the original Egyptians — though all Egyptians are original Egyptians; the overwhelming majority of them look exactly like what the Pharaonic friezes would lead us to expect. But culturally the Copts are quite different: they have clung tenaciously to their ancient Christianity in spite of the corrosive and assimilative influences of Islam ever since its irruption in the seventh century A.D.

The strange thing about the Copts, in fact, is that they are still here. Despite the mixture of attraction and pressure emanating from Islam they have maintained their communal identity ever since the Arab conquests, and today make up more than one-sixth of the total population of Egypt, or some four million out of twenty-four million. This is surely an astonishing fact, especially to those who tend to take Christianity for granted.

It is a singularity of the ancient Christian communities of the Middle East—the Copts and their co-religionists in Egypt and Ethiopia, as well as the Marionites, Melkites, Greek Catholics, and Assyrian Christians in Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq—that they are being ground between the indifference of Western churchdom to their own autonomous pretensions on the one hand and the ever-accelerating expansion of Arabic-speaking Islam on the other.

Their forlorn situation constitutes a dual paradox. The missionary denominations of Western Christendom are naturally preoccupied with Islam as a target for conversion, but their failure to effect many actual conversions among Muslims is notorious. The upshot has been that the local Christian communities have in fact been substituted for Muslims as potential interdenominational proselytes. *A Lonely Minority* contains some entertaining anecdotes about the difficulties encountered by various missionaries in their attempts to corral Copts into a Western Christian fold.

The other part of the paradox arises from the important, indeed seminal, role played by Middle Eastern Christians in the genesis of Arab nationalism. This movement was triggered by Christians in their attempt to escape from their ghetto in Islam into a society that would follow the Western European model of a secular nation-state largely based on linguistic identity. But while Western-inspired nationalism managed to attract more and more of the advanced Arab Muslims, it also became inevitably Islamicized because of the sheer weight of Muslim numbers. Consequently, while secular nationalism was a somewhat artificial course for pious, universalist Islam, and a natural course for Christian minorities oppressed by Islam, it has turned out to have been a boomerang against the Christian com-



—From the book.

Monk at the Deir el Moharrack Convent at Assiut—"a dual paradox."

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munities that acted as channels for Western nationalism in the Middle East. Their plight has been further exacerbated by the tremendous perspectives that have bewitched the imagination of President Nasser and others—the prospect of dominating first the 200 million Africans made accessible to Arab nationalism by the current spread of Islam and hence of the Arabic language, and then the 450 million Muslims throughout the world.

The ancient Coptic community of Egypt is thus in a position that will doubtless become more and more insecure unless the political flux of the Middle East takes a radically different turn. Mr. Wakin's book is an excellent introduction to this complex and gripping problem.

Sumer and Semantics

Before the Bible: The Common Background of Greek and Hebrew Civilizations, *by Cyrus H. Gordon (Harper & Row. 319 pp. $6), finds a link between Homer and Genesis in the epics of ancient Sumer and Ugarit. C. A. Robinson, Jr., David Benedict Professor of Classics at Brown University, wrote "Ancient History," among other books.*

By C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

PROFESSOR CYRUS H. GORDON of Brandeis University has taken the Near East during the second millennium B.C. as the subject of his new book, *Before the Bible.* This is one of the most exciting moments in history, for the world was full of powerful states, whose kings fought each other, corresponded, concluded treaties, intermarried, and occasionally settled down to long periods of peace and trade. The different cultures of this extraordinary world inevitably mingled in one way or another, and it would be a bold man indeed who asserted that the more familiar civilizations of the first millennium B.C.—the Hebrew and the Greek, for example—did not have roots in the earlier period. The chief questions are, how far were they common roots, and what other cultural influences affected their development?

Ancient history, no matter where you touch it, is exasperating (and thrilling) because our sources, though often abundant, are usually fragmentary or missing altogether. The important period before us is, moreover, exceptionally difficult to handle, but Professor Gordon is the rare scholar who can control diverse languages and archeological remains and is thus able to cut across the conventional academic lines generally reserved for, and jealously guarded by, professional Semitists and classicists. Yet, as he himself says, "Our debt to the Bible and Classics is so great that this type of research will deepen our understanding of our culture and of ourselves."

—*From the book.*

Cretan godess in a flounced skirt — "the same cultural impulses."

The main theme of Professor Gordon's book is that "Greek and Hebrew civilizations are parallel structures built upon the same East Mediterranean foundation." The thesis itself is not entirely new, but in Gordon's hands it becomes stimulating and provocative. However, the audience he has in mind is both lay and professional, and it is not always easy to speak to both. The scholar, for example, will question Gordon's "discovery" that the language of Minoan Crete was specifically Northwest Semitic.

Scholarly problems and *obiter dicta* to one side, the layman will certainly delight in the descriptions that fill Professor Gordon's book. Much of the chapter on "The Cuneiform World," for instance, is devoted to the Sumerians, and the more widely this remarkable and enigmatic people is known the better. Samuel Noah Kramer, in his fascinating *History Begins at Sumer,* shows that the Sumerians created the first civilized, urban life and democratic government, were the first to invent writing, a calendar, a system of weights and measures, large-scale irrigation, and a code of laws in some ways more humane than Hammurabi's, which was based on it. A glance at the photographs in André Parrot's *Sumer: The Dawn of Art* will take one's breath away. And now we have Professor Gordon to thank for giving us so much of Sumerian and Babylonian poetry, particularly from the Gilgamesh epic, "the major, and most influential, literary masterpiece of pre-biblical and pre-Homeric antiquity. . . . The partial dependence of the Odyssey on [it] is clear."

The dramatic manner in which our understanding of the past steadily follows on the accumulation and interpretation of new materials is illustrated by another fine chapter, "Ugarit: Link Between Canaan and the Aegean." It was only in 1928 that a Syrian peasant accidentally plowed into a Mycenaean tomb that had been built beside a Semitic port in the eastern Mediterranean. Excavations immediately yielded quantities of inscribed tablets and other objects testifying to the mingling of various cultures. Professor Gordon gives a good deal of Ugaritic poetry, including much from the epic of Kret, "whose very name shows Cretan affinities." Kret was the king "who had lost Hurrai, his only wife destined to bear him the children who would carry on his line. . . . The divine promise of progeny through the destined wife is central in early Hebrew literature from Abraham and Sarah on. . . . [The epic] illuminates the very core of our literary heritage from both Israel and Greece. Kret's recovery of his abducted bride is related to the Helen of Troy motif appearing in the Iliad. . . . The rewinning of Helen, Sarah and Hurrai are three reflexes of one and the same cultural impulse." The epic of Kret, Professor Gordon reminds us, suffices to bridge the gap between the Iliad and Genesis, but, even so, we have only begun to probe a many-sided problem.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. nonresident. 2. earthenware. 3. tempestuous. 4. conspirator. 5. sanctuaries. 6. pantomimist. 7. coordinated. 8. venturesome. 9. peritonitis. 10. spontaneity.

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FICTION

The Walls of Jerichow

Speculations About Jakob, *by Uwe Johnson, translated from the German by Ursule Molinaro (Grove. 240 pp. $4.50), utilizes a seemingly random collection of thoughts, monologues, and dialogues to flesh out a protagonist who never speaks for himself. G. C. Oden has been associate editor and book reviewer of The Urbanite magazine.*

By G. C. ODEN

IT IS the pity of contemporary American fiction that the reader is repeatedly saddled with the unrelenting self-absorption of ultra-special people and seldom provoked to serious considerations of the broader dimensions of a world that may or may not love us. Particularly, that is why *Speculations About Jakob,* the first novel by Uwe Johnson, the twenty-nine-year-old German writer who won the $10,000 International Publishers Prize, is gold for one anxious to quit the literary company of the-weak-who-have-inherited-the-earth.

Jakob Abs was fifteen when, in 1943, he came with his mother to Jerichow, in East Germany; their Pomeranian village had burned down in the war and his father was missing in action. It was widower Heinrich Cresspahl who opened his house to Jakob and Frau Abs, who in return became like brother and mother to Cresspahl's twelve-year-old daughter, Gesine. While his mother worked as cook, Jakob took care of the horses in the surrounding towns until winter, when all he could do was to bootleg for the Soviet forces, by then in control.

At eighteen, Jakob got a job on the railroad. Within ten years he had graduated to the responsible position of dispatcher, serving first as apprentice, flagman, and assistant operator. During these years, however, Gesine had ceased to live in Jerichow, having taken up residence in West Berlin as an employee of NATO. It is Jakob's mysterious death in East Germany—after his refusal to participate in a Soviet agent's plot to recruit Gesine for their intelligence, and immediately upon his return from a trip to West Germany—that provides the basis for the chorus of "speculations about Jakob."

Ursule Molinaro, in a singularly creative translation, has made fascinating reading of Uwe Johnson's story, which is simple in line but intricate in its telling. *Speculations About Jakob* is not straightforward narrative. The author does not allow one to skip a word, a sentence, a passage. To do so is to lose the story, for Jakob—who never speaks for himself—is presented by recollection and projection. Those connected with him talk about him, both to others and to themselves. It is this very pattern of patter, the seemingly random collection of thoughts, monologue, dialogue that demands unstraying attention.

At the book's conclusion, Uwe Johnson has subtly inspired the reader to his own speculation—not only about Jakob but about the divided world in which we live. At one place, Johnson implies that people are what they have been taught to be, and what that is is simply the result of chance. True; but, I am compelled to ask, when is that ever an end to the matter?

—*Ted Russell.*

Uwe Johnson—no skipping.

An Adolescent Elite

The New Aristocracy, *by Michel de Saint Pierre, translated from the French by Anthony and Llewela Burgess (Houghton Mifflin. 207 pp. $3.95), takes an optimistic view of the rising generation in France. Anna Balakian, professor of French at New York University, has written a number of books and articles on contemporary French literature.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

MICHEL DE SAINT PIERRE's book on the current crop of adolescents in France is not a "new" novel in terms of structure. Classical in form and style, it has a documentary nature: what is the character of youth today, and how is the rising generation different from the ruling one? To the French literary heritage, Musset, Balzac, and Stendhal have left glowing portraits of the hostilities of the young against their elders. Earlier in this century Gide, Duhamel, and Jules Romains depicted but left unresolved the vague anxieties of the adolescent. In the past few years there have been Kinsey-like inquiries in France on the behavior of what has been termed "the new wave." M. de Saint Pierre, a popular novelist, submitted questionnaires to some 25,000 young people and their teachers, and from the results has assumed a benevolent attitude toward youth. His findings have been published in a more recent work, *La Nouvelle Race,* not yet translated into English, in which he concludes that the juvenile delinquent, much publicized in the movies and the tabloids, is really in the minority, and that basically youth is wholesome and retrievable.

In *The New Aristocrats* he suggests that the youngsters between the ages of seventeen and twenty constitute an elite to be reckoned with. Specifically, his subjects are the young people of the French upper class who are receiving a somewhat outmoded education in a parochial secondary school. They are growing up in an apocalyptical society, and within Christian walls they are challenging Christianity. Yet they have found no new gods since the demise of Camus and the failure of Sartre. They are susceptible

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to all the dangers of modern living: speed, jazz, drugs, liquor, sexual excess. But M. de Saint Pierre forgives them their vagaries because he finds them intelligent and generous; they do not cheat, and they are searching for an ideal, although they have as yet found nothing to replace Nietzsche and Marx. They are more sinned against than sinning since they receive no guidance from their parents, who themselves persist in prolonging an appearance of youth and refuse to grow up to parental responsibility.

Denis Prullé-Rousseau, in his senior year, gives vent to his rancor against his elders by publishing an iconoclastic newspaper at school. He has no *rapport* with his parents nor with his insipid sister, who reads Simone de Beauvoir to while away the idle interlude between childhood and marriage. The only people whom Denis has really loved are two old men, his late professor of philosophy, Sauvageot, and a tsarist colonel, on whom he spends most of his allowance.

As a bridge between the two generations there is a young priest, Philippe de Maubrun, a thwarted missionary who has been named successor to M. Sauvageot. He tries to use a combination of psychological liberalism and Christian morality to tame the young rebels. When Denis, who has turned liberty into license, is faced with expulsion, this teacher calls upon the parents to save the son. But at the moment of crisis Mother has gone on a pleasure jaunt to England, and Father, a famous surgeon, is preparing to take off with his secretary to read a paper in Rome. If his son's physical health were in danger he would drop the paper and the paramour; but, confronted with this moral meningitis, he cannot believe that catastrophe is really in the making. Strangely enough, though he has not taken much interest in his son, he seems to know him better than the conscientious teacher-priest.

M. de Saint Pierre's book is both an apology for youth and a defense of Christian ideals. It is an eloquent statement of the importance of the teacher's role in a society in which parents seem to have abdicated their right to inculcate values in their children. One may wonder, though, if the author is not going a bit too far in suggesting that the young of today are a new breed, a biological mutation, strangers waiting for a new world. Denis, whose problems remain unsolved at the end of the book, will discover the truth of the adage that youth is an ailment from which everyone recovers in due time. Saint Pierre may in fact be pitying the wrong generation, for to be born in wartime is as nothing to having one's youth interrupted by war. It seems a bit ungenerous to begrudge the pleasures of the afterglow!

OUTSIDER: Readers who recall the raw indignation of the Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill trilogies may be interested (although perhaps not too surprised) to discover that, after a quarter of a century, distance lends enchantment even to James T. Farrell. In *The Silence of History* (Doubleday, $4.95), Farrell resumes his chronicle of the South Side Chicago Irish, this time in the person of Eddie Ryan, an ambitious young man who is making the leap into a world of books and learning at the university.

The first volume of a projected tetralogy, *The Silence of History* is obviously autobiographical—so much so that in a few of the chapters Farrell writes directly in the first person. For the most part, however, he keeps Eddie Ryan at arm's length, and this, in fact, is one of the faults of the novel. Sensitively conceived—"he was fighting for the future . . . for some value beyond just money or having his name known . . ."—Eddie is never granted any very intense relationships, even when he falls in love with Thelma Carson, daughter of a university professor. Eddie's inherent shyness, his self-awareness—he is a classic example of the "outsider"—results in inhibited storytelling.

He is presented here as a very decent and upright young man, supporting his grandmother by working in a filling station at night while attending classes by day; and although one admires Eddie for not succumbing to the usual adolescent highjinks, his friendship for Peter Moore, his pristine hand-holding with Thelma, all seem a bit old-fashioned, even for the 1930s. A more distracting characteristic is Farrell's weakness for giving us the life history of every character in the novel, no matter how minor, and his (or rather Eddie Ryan's) sophomoric philosophizing in response to his spiritual awakening.

Farrell is obviously trying, in this new series of novels, to get away from the naturalistic method he used so powerfully in the Thirties. Time has mellowed him, and he has created here a young man who, if convincing, is yet too reasonable about life to engage our deepest feelings. So little happens in this novel, and it happens so relentlessly, that the reader would welcome an occasional seduction, or a good family brawl. —David Dempsey.

CRIME PASSIONNEL: If in recent years a new area of psychology has been opened up by the French novel, it is that of love from the woman's point of view. While the men writers have busied themselves with politics, religion, or philosophy, the women, since Colette, have taken for their own province the traditional theme of fiction and exploited it with zeal. The greatest of them is, to my mind, Marguerite Duras, who describes a sensuality so dark and bitter that even her characters can experience it only vicariously.

In her earlier *Moderato Cantabile*, where passion reaches its ultimate expression in masochism and the death wish, a young woman of respectable position identifies herself with the victim of a crime of passion as she sits in a workingman's bar, drinking herself into a voluptuous stupor. In *10:30 on a Summer Night* (translated by Anne Borchardt, Grove, $2.95) a young wife whose husband is about to make love to another woman identifies herself with a man who has just killed his wife and her lover.

Maria is driving through Spain with her husband and their friend Claire. A summer storm obliges them to take shelter in the little town where the murderer is being hunted down. After a night of anguish, which glass after glass of manzanilla cannot deaden, Maria comes face to face in the early dawn with the hero of the primitive, archetypical drama that outlines her own.

Mme. Duras's technique of indirection reveals her as a real virtuoso. With a minimum of words—a few strokes of description and fragments of dialogue—she obtains a maximum of emotional intensity. The evocation of the heat of Castile in summer, the violent cloudburst, the symbolic crime of passion lift a brief story of conjugal jealousy and unwilling betrayal into a drama of fate with universal impact. Through Maria's soft whimper of pain we hear the moan of humanity, driven by its instincts into tragedy that it can foresee but not avert. —Laurent LeSage.

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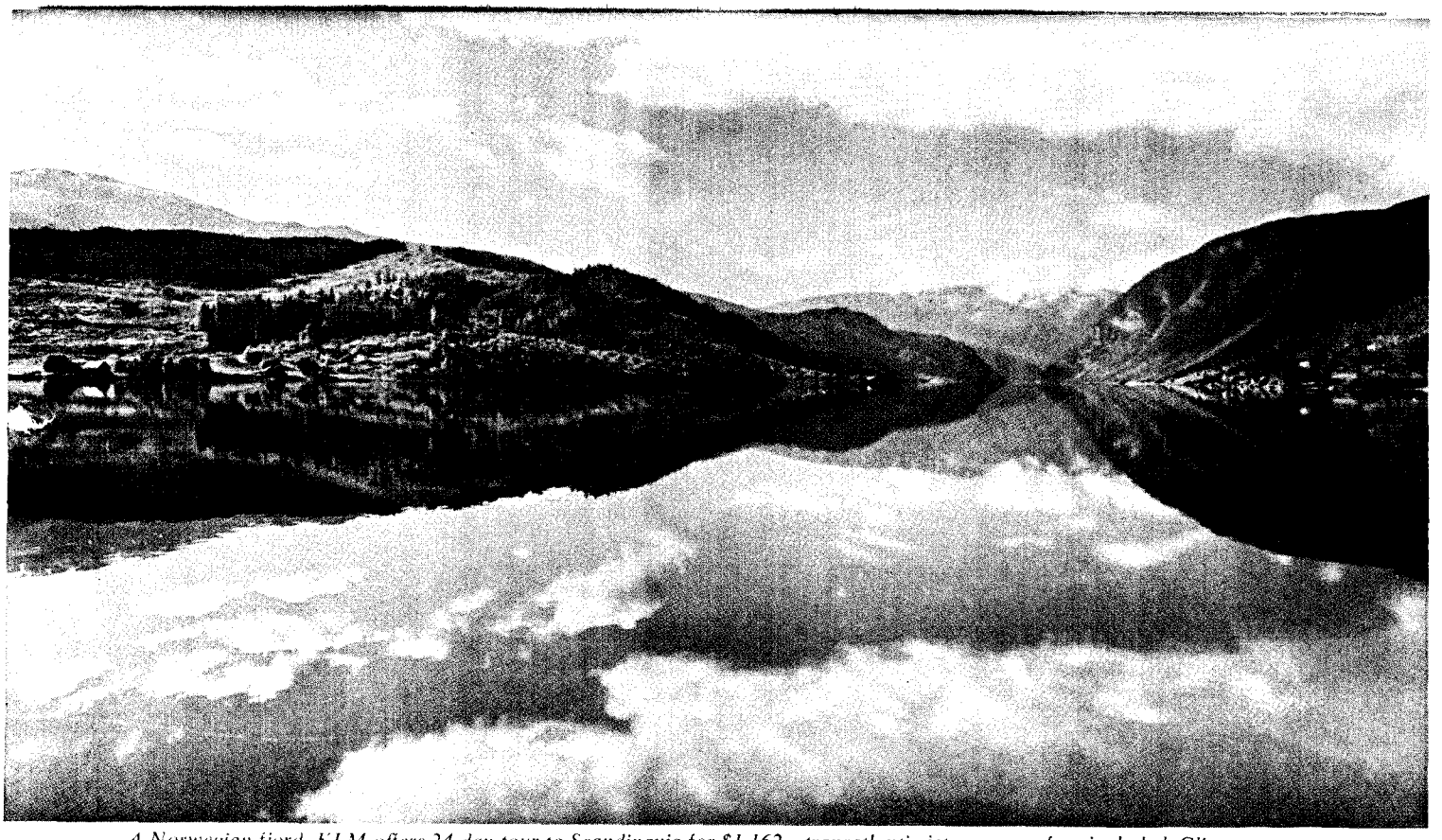

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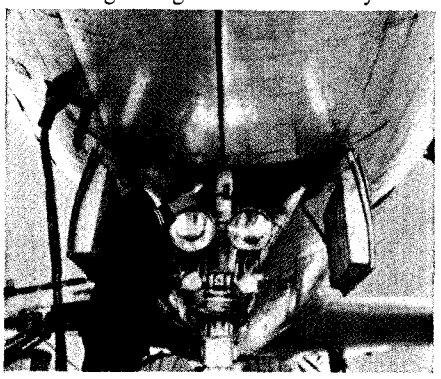

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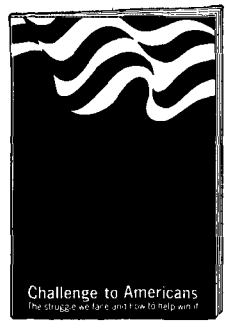
We are challenged
You are summoned

The news is making it clear that this is a testing time for Americans.

At a time of challenge, the American future depends upon the American people: what we think, what we do, how we rise as individuals to the task of meeting great challenge with great achievement.

We each have a part to play.

Yours is described in the timely new citizen action guide "Challenge to Americans" offered here which puts the crisis of the moment in the true perspective of the struggle which is likely to continue for years.



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"We are challenged by the revolution of communism. The Communists seek power through conspiracy, terror, aggression and deceit. They exploit and corrupt legitimate revolutionary forces, scavenging on poverty, ignorance, despair.

"And also we are challenged by the revolution of hope in continents long captive to stagnation and despair.

"We are challenged by the revolution in science and technology bringing new boons and new dangers to humanity.

"We are challenged by the revolution in international relationships. Nation has begun to work with nation to solve mankind's common problems. New international bodies are exploring uncharted paths of world cooperation in the interests of worldwide peace, justice, and freedom."

In an age of revolution, we dare not forget that we are heirs to a continuing, liberating revolution. We dare not fail to press that revolution forward, to perfect democracy at home, to make it an example to the world. *Only in earning our freedoms over again can we strengthen them.* Only by extending our freedoms to all mankind can we preserve them.

This we can and must do as individuals. *We must accept our responsibilities as we do our rights, the two are today inseparable.* We must look upon national challenge—whether it is an immediate challenge in Cuba, Berlin, or Asia, or the continuing longer range challenge—as a personal opportunity to do something important for our country. *We must seek to excel, to stand up, to stand out; in our private lives, our homes, our work, communities, schools, in all places, in all things.*

A good way to begin is with a mature understanding of what we are up against and what you personally can do about it. You will find exactly that in the timely new booklet, Challenge to Americans. Endorsed by Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, approved by the Department of State, it is an indispensable information and action guide for the purposeful citizen.

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Your copy of Challenge To Americans is free. You can be learning from it and you can be acting upon it in a matter of days. Write CHALLENGE, Box 1776, New York 17, New York.

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The Balance on the Brink

The Decline of Democratic Politics, The Impasse of American Foreign Policy, *and* ***The Restoration of American Politics,*** *by Hans Morgenthau (University of Chicago Press. Resp. 431 pp., $10; 312 pp., $7.50; 391 pp., $8.95), the three volumes comprising* ***Politics in the Twentieth Century,*** *are concerned with "the only real revolution that has occurred in the structure of international relations since the beginning of history": the availability of nuclear power as an instrument of foreign policy. Max Beloff is Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at the University of Oxford, and a Fellow of All Souls College. His latest book, "The United States and the Unity of Europe," is scheduled for release the latter part of April.*

By MAX BELOFF

THE SHEER bulk of Hans Morgenthau's activity over the past quarter century inspires amazement and admiration. To have written some important books, to have run the Center for Study of American Foreign Policy, out of which has come much significant work by other writers and, on top of it all, to have poured forth the endless stream of articles, lectures, letters to the press, and testimonies before Congressional Committees that make up these three massive volumes—it makes one feel horribly lazy. Perhaps what keeps Professor Morgenthau from retiring to the world of pure scholarship that he is so obviously fitted to adorn is his manifest conviction that what he has to say is of real, indeed desperate, importance, that clear thinking on issues of foreign policy is essential to the nation's salvation, that delays in learning these lessons could be fatal to America and in fact to humanity.

As a book *Politics in the Twentieth Century*—for its division into three parts is necessarily somewhat arbitrary—suffers from its origin, as must all such collections. The separate topics overlap, there is much repetition in theme and illustration: even quotations reappear. But there is an underlying unity of subject and approach—a dialogue between a mind and a subject that has a certain cumulative drama.

Professor Morgenthau's approach to his problem—how the United States should conduct its foreign policy and what that policy should be—has always been that of a political philosopher. If pure speculation of a utopian kind gets one nowhere, neither does the pure empiricism unchecked by theory that goes by the questionable title of "political science." As he puts it, "Political science as an academic discipline everywhere in the Western world owes its existence to the disintegration, after their last flowering in the early nineteenth century, of the great philosophic systems which had dominated Western thought and to the concomitant development of the empirical investigation of the social world." But this is not sufficient. Professor Morgenthau's heroes are men like Burke, who can proceed from a study of the actual world of experience to a theoretical construction capable of further application but subject to modification in the light of new experience.

History for him teaches but does not determine; nor are its teachings profitable if mechanically applied to different situations. Even less does Professor Morgenthau believe that the future actions of political communities can be deduced from the "metaphysics of geography."

Mr. Morgenthau is best known, perhaps, for his evocation of the idea of the "national interest" and for his preference for it as against abstract morality as the foundation of national policy. He censures Americans for being "impatient and disappointed with other nations who dare to look at the world from the vantage point of their interests and not ours." He is aware of the danger of identifying one's own cause with that of morality in the abstract: "the anti-Communist crusade as an instrument of foreign policy is likely to destroy all nations, Communist and anti-Communist."

The realism of Professor Morgenthau's analysis leads him to denounce many of the favorite illusions of American and Western policy that have been responsible in his view for the stagnation that set in after the great creative period of the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Alliance. He notes the tendency to carry over into unsuitable contexts ideas that have proved their value concerning Western Europe. While championing "containment" of the Russians, he criticizes the barren waiting-upon-events that has resulted from applying this policy to the very different situation created by the Chinese expansion in Asia. He deplores the priority of military thinking, which has made the United States the accomplice of reactionary and ultimately unstable regimes such as that of South Vietnam. But he is equally contemptuous of those who believe that "aid" is meaningful except in the light of clear political objectives. Sometimes he points up the issues in a phrase even more pregnant now than when it was written, as, for instance, when he says with respect to American aid to Pakistan and to India that "the United States is really engaged in an arms race with itself."

In regard to Europe, it is notable how few of Professor Morgenthau's essays even touch on what most Americans regard as the core of United States policy there—the furtherance of European integration. These essays are no place to look for "Grand Design." An early essay on the Schuman Plan deals with it simply as a new French solution to the old problem of containing German strength. For Professor Morgenthau, Germany's future is what really matters. The basic dilemma to which he has returned again and again over the past twelve years is to be found in the contradiction between the deep U.S. commitment to close ties with the Federal Republic and the commitment to the reunification of Germany, which is unattainable save at the price of loosening these ties. Only in this context is the Berlin problem understandable.

But realism demands more than the realistic are always prepared to admit. For it is Professor Morgenthau's great-

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est claim to our attention that he was one of the few to see how hollow were policies based upon the assumption of a permanent technological advantage over the Russians and how different everything in the world scene has become since great nations acquired the power to destroy each other and the rest of humanity: "Theoretical analysis can show that the availability of nuclear power as an instrument of foreign policy is the only real revolution that has occurred in the structure of international relations since the beginning of history."

What he means is that for the first time in history great powers cannot rationally pursue political objectives through the use of limitless force, since such force can only destroy the world that makes these objectives themselves meaningful. The Western alliance is a long way from having worked out the full consequences of this great change. "All members of NATO are agreed upon one objective: to defend their independence without having to fight for it." The phrase is stark, the truth it enshrines portentous. Even the realists among our statesmen and strategists could do with a dose of Professor Morgenthau's realism.

The Burden of Power

American Diplomacy and Emergent Patterns, *by Kenneth W. Thompson (New York University Press, 273 pp. $4.50), examines basic values and present dilemmas in American leadership in world affairs, while* ***American Foreign Policy and the Blessings of Liberty, and Other Essays,*** *by Samuel Flagg Bemis (Yale University Press. 423 pp. $10), brings together a selection of challenging reinterpretations of America's experiences first as a regional and now as a world power. Philip E. Mosely is the author of "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

ALMOST eighteen years after the close of World War II, after sharing in two world-shaping victories, after making unprecedented contributions to achieving strategic security and building a more orderly world, Americans are deeply troubled as they look out on a world they did not want. Who can explain to them how it has happened that the greatest concentration of power ever known in peacetime places Americans and all peoples in hourly jeopardy of destruction? Why has the spread of Western-nourished ideals of democratic and national self-determination tended to separate and isolate the main Atlantic centers of democratic liberty from so many of the newly independent peoples? Will the eighteenth-century philosophy of Western liberalism suffice to shape the twenty-first century?

It is to this basic paradox, and to a number of related topics, that Kenneth Thompson has addressed his thought, informed by a long historical perspective, in his wide-ranging essays in *American Diplomacy and Emergent Patterns,* originally delivered as the James Stokes Lectures at New York University. Not many students of history and present policy are as bold, or as adept, in trying to grasp the main themes of American purpose, and any thoughtful citizen can win fresh and illuminating insights by reading these essays slowly and with an active, challenging mind.

Dr. Thompson is well aware of the traditional and confusing tendency of American thinking and action to swing restlessly between two poles. One is that of moralistic universalism; when other nations fail to conform to our lofty and "self-evident" prescriptions, Americans are inclined to give way to disillusionment and apathy. The other pole is a cynical and self-hobbling "realism," based on "looking out for 'Number One' "; this attitude repulses allies and friends and sits poorly on the frame of America's basic purposes.

Many of the so-called realists picture a world in which U. S. preferences and prejudices are to be carried out automatically, by our national fiat. In contrast, Dr. Thompson stresses the importance of the continuing need to fit the application of generous purposes to real situations, to existing conditions that are beyond our control. However, as he points out, shared values and goals, even if imperfectly fulfilled, are essential factors in creating consensus within a democratic society; they thereby make it possible for a people and its leaders to act at all. Dr. Thompson rightly points to the central role of vigorous and courageous leadership in creating that consensus, in shaping opinion rather than passively adapting its decisions to follow the erratic barometer of opinion polls.

In addition to this central theme, *American Diplomacy and Emergent Patterns* illuminates other important aspects fo foreign policy the unique role of the President with his crushing burden of strategic foreign policy and domestic and party responsibilities; the functions of both career and nonprofessional ambassadors; the unforeseen expansion of foreign policy to embrace military, economic, and informational activities that go deeply into the lives of other nations; the role of "parliamentary diplomacy" as practiced in the United Nations and a myriad of sung and unsung international conferences.

Samuel Flagg Bemis has done a great service to students, young or old, of American history by bringing together seventeen of his pioneering and eloquent studies, previously scattered in the pages of professional journals. Throughout a lifetime of vigorous scholarship Professor Bemis has challenged easy and traditional interpretations of American aims and policies. After his unraveling of the origins and purpose of Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," no reader will be able again to cite this famous passage of the Farewell Address as if it were an eternal truth somehow detached from the *Realpolitik* of the new, weak, and dangerously divided Republic. The related studies of the diplomacy of Thomas Pinckney, Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay likewise demolish many persistent shibboleths. They make clear again how well equipped the first generation of founding fathers was to define the purposes of and build safeguards for the emerging American polity.

IN a lighter vein Professor Bemis's essays trace out several bypaths of history: the fate of that remarkable repository of American history, the papers of the Adams family; the story of Lafayette's efforts, while he was held in prison by Prussia and then by Austria, to enlist the effective intervention of the cautious government that had made him an adoptive citizen; and the pernicious effects of the custom of dueling on the Republic's political life during its first two generations. In three perceptive articles he also brings a disciplined imagination to bear on the entirely new constellation of power that the U. S. has faced in this century.

Each essay can be read by itself with delight and enlightenment by all "history buffs." Taken together, the essays give the reader immediate and pleasurable access to the thought and wry humor of a distinguished interpreter of America's continually changing role in world politics.

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PAPAGE INDIAN POTTERY. By Bernard L. Fontana and others. Univ. of Washington Press. $5.75.

Biography

THE ALEXANDER MEMOIRS, 1940-1945. By Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis. Edited by John North. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

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DEAR JOSEPHINE: The Theatrical Career of Josephine Hull. By William G. B. Carson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $4.95.

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THE LOST FOOTSTEPS. By Silviu Craciunas. Berkley. Paperback, 60¢.

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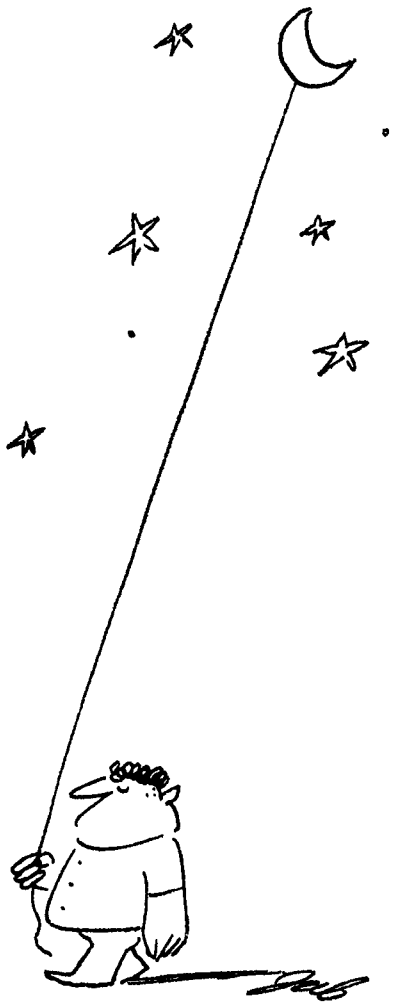
(*Continued on page* 38)



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(*Continued from page 37*)

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—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly.*

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Of Violence and Nonviolence

WHEN Mahatma Gandhi was shot to death on the afternoon of January 30, 1948, the world was stunned. Not only had a great man died, but he had died in a manner that seemed to negate all of his teachings, everything he had stood for. If a young assassin, armed with a pistol, could snuff out the life of such a man, was the world indeed ready for the gospel of nonviolence that Gandhi preached? Might we not all be better advised to walk warily, and carry side arms just in case? But if the advocates of violence as a solution to world problems could draw sustenance from the manner of Gandhi's death, they will find little to nourish them in Mark Robson's *Nine Hours to Rama*, a fictionalized version of his last day. Based on the novel by Stanley Wolpert, it firmly suggests that violence leads only to violence, and that Gandhi's martyrdom was in effect proof of the rightness of his position. What caused his death, the film tells us, was India's centuries-old tradition of violence—India against the British, Hindu against Muslim. Mourn for Gandhi, and one can only revolt against the philosophies that led to his vengeful murder.

To find all of this said, and well, in an American movie is both a surprise and a delight, particularly since Robson and Nelson Gidding, who wrote the screenplay, have not merely stated their theme, but dramatized it. The main lines of the film have the rush and inevitability of true tragedy as the fanatical Godse and the imperturbable Gandhi, though thoroughly alerted to his danger, prepare for their fatal rendezvous. Providing the motive power are the efforts of the (fictional) superintendent of police of Delhi to avert the inevitable, blocked at every turn by the character and ideology of the man he is trying so desperately to protect. And providing the human interest is the (largely fictional) exploration of the motives and mentality of the killer, developed in long flashbacks that are effectively interpolated into the running account of Gandhi's last hours.

What gives the film its sweep and turbulence, however, is India itself. As far as possible, Robson took his CinemaScope cameras to the actual spots dictated by his tale. Repeatedly, the screen is clogged with India's colorful masses, teeming the streets, thronging the station platforms, prostrating themselves in their temples, thrusting forward to touch their leader, or humbly adding their mite of fuel to his bier. This awareness of the people of India, who constantly swirl around the film's protagonists, adds immeasurably to the stature of Robson's work, and ultimately proves far more persuasive than the knowledge that we are seeing the real depot hotel where Godse lay in wait, or the very garden in which Gandhi was murdered.

If one is to cavil, it would be at the rather routine background invented for Godse. Apparently, not a great deal is known about this half-crazed youth beyond the fact that he was a member of a fanatically reactionary group. The flashbacks explain his membership in terms of rejection by the British army, the murder of his father, and the rape of his child-bride in the Hindu-Muslim riots (with the followers of Gandhi standing passively by), and an inconclusive love affair with an Occidentalized Indian girl whose husband did nothing but play tennis. Perhaps inevitably, the latter, which is the least relevant, gets the most space. Unfortunately, it gives the impression that if the beautiful Rani had only answered her telephone at one point, or had left home a little earlier to intercept Godse on his fateful mission, or simply had run off with him as he suggested, then Gandhi might have been alive today. The romantic element in *Nine Hours to Rama* is just a bit watery, and at times comes perilously close to dragging down the entire film to its level. Nor does Horst Buchholz's studied overemphasis of every facet of Naturam Godse's warped personality prove helpful to the film's over-all impression.

Countering these, however, are the beauty and quiet authority of Valerie Gearon as Rani, a superb "cameo" by Diane Baker as the confused and frightened prostitute with whom Godse passes a few of his nine hours, Jose Ferrer's magnificently subdued portrait of the harassed superintendent of police, and J. S. Casshyap's eloquent impersonation of Gandhi himself. "Love will conquer hate," says Mr. Casshyap in his thin, quavering voice. "It is truth. It is God." And the conviction behind his utterance fills the theatre with the living spirit of Gandhi, the spirit that an assassin's bullets could not and did not stop.

To a remarkable degree, Mark Robson's film has captured and shared that conviction. To the extent that it has done so, it stands as a notable achievement—something beyond any inadequacies of cast or treatment, beyond the many technical felicities that Robson has brought to his production as well. Through this picture, the meaning and message of nonviolence become immediate and apparent to all. The irony is that India today seems to be forgetting the Mahatma's teachings. Recently, unaccountably, after having approved the script, the Indian government banned *Nine Hours to Rama* from showings in that country.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, that cherubic apostle of violence (at least, on camera), has crammed his tongue far into his cheek and, with an assist from Daphne du Maurier, proceeds to show us what might happen if ever our feathered friends turned upon us. *The Birds* is a cunningly concocted nightmare, once it gets down to the business at hand. The effect is cumulative. A single, cold-eyed seagull takes a passing swipe at our lovely heroine in a small boat off the California shore. Then a crowd of finches flocks down a chimney, intimidating the strong-jawed hero and his family. Soon ravens are massing to harass the schoolchildren of lonely Bodega Bay, gulls swarm in to take on the entire town, and finally there is an all-out, *en masse* attack by gulls and crows upon a single house. In all of these sequences, Hitchcock has a field day, devising moments of horror that have audiences skrieking with fear and delight. Even a pair of caged and innocent lovebirds suddenly acquire a sinister aspect. But the final long, long shot, which it would be utterly unfair to identify, contains the cream of Hitchcock's jest.

Unfortunately, there is an intolerable amount of plain skim milk along the way. The story gets off to an incredibly slow start, embellishing the introduction of the principals with all sorts of tedious and unnecessary details. Throughout the film, while awaiting the next onslaught from the skies, we are asked to endure long patches of dull, expository dialogue heavily handled by Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and by Hitchcock's newest "find," Tippi Hedren, a decidedly lovely but utterly deadpan blonde. Even Hitchcock's handling of these passages betrays his boredom with them. But then the birds come wheeling back, and clearly The Master is at work again. Ornithologists may not approve, but to the rest of us his message is obvious: Leave no tern unstoned.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Blessed Are the Young in Art

THERE is a prevalent American notion that an actor should bring his own sense of truthfulness onstage no matter what character he may be impersonating. Those of us who have seen Alan Arkin, the young comedian with the *Second City* company, have admired his own extension of this technique in his impersonations of an immigrant tailor or an immigrant bagel-vendor whose illiterate stubbornness and anxieties were entertainingly ridiculous, even though, amazingly enough, the total performance somehow managed never to mock the character's obvious shortcomings.

Now, in Joseph Stein's new Broadway comedy, *Enter Laughing*, Mr. Arkin plays an awkward eighteen-year-old delivery boy with dreams of glory. And again he captures the wildly amusing absurdity of the young man's situation without making the character seem either silly or so romanticized that we feel it is all contrived.

It is fortunate for this gentle and meandering comedy to have Mr. Arkin in the role of David Kolowitz, and to have as director Gene Saks, who has allowed him to work at his own pace. For the play, based on Carl Reiner's novel, appears primitive in its writing and amounts to little more than a surface representation of a Bronx boy growing up. It's as if Mr. Stein, who is one of the most skilful writers of comedy sketches in the business, had deliberately tried to avoid any sharp or neatly constructed comedy in order to keep the whole business on a plane of artlessness.

Certainly it is in this naked atmosphere that Mr. Arkin's kind of comedy thrives. For instance, his strained imitation of Louis Armstrong at the beginning of the play is far funnier than a better imitation would have been. A little later, when he tries to lie his way out of a jam with his employer, his inept covering of one lie with another completely incompatible one entertains us more thoroughly than would a more brilliant maneuver. And the final scene, in which we see him as a stage-frightened novice making his first appearance before an audience, could surely have been many times more hilarious if the author had wished to invent more ingenious accidents. But the way it is played here looks much closer to what usually does happen.

The supporting cast includes Sylvia Sidney as David's worried mother, Vivian Blaine as an experienced professional actress, Alan Mowbray as a run-down old ham who makes a living by charging aspiring actors for appearing in his seedy little productions, Irving Jacobson as a bewildered employer, and Michael J. Pollard as David's adolescent confederate. And Ed Wittstein has created a change-it-yourself stage setting that turns around in front of an effective montage of big-city hangings.

It would be easy for anyone to dismiss this new comedy as a disappointingly ordinary and insufficiently sophisticated piece of work. But almost everyone should find it impossible not to enjoy Mr. Arkin's performance and to find in *Enter Laughing* a comfortable and happily unpretentious similarity to the unvarnished surface of daily living.

IT is also impossible not to be completely captivated by Vivien Leigh in the new musical *Tovarich*. For in addition to her beauty and her grace, Miss Leigh always emanates a mischievous suggestion that she is game for anything, and this guarantees her a stage youth that surpasses that of all the ingenues. Now, as the Grand Duchess Tatiana impersonating a parlor maid, Miss Leigh obliges everyone with an animated and deliciously graceful turkey trot that stops the show. And she also reveals a husky singing voice which is modestly effective even in the huge Broadway Theatre.

The rest of *Tovarich* is far more resistible. David Shaw's augmentation of the 1936 Jacques Deval-Robert Sherwood comedy brings in a family from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, that is supposed to remain lovable even though it is actively plotting a cartel against Russia, and the musical's most dramatic moment seems to owe something to a similar device in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* earlier this season. While Lee Pockriss and Anne Crosswell have written some pleasant and serviceable songs, their score doesn't often advance the action.

Fortunately, choreographer Herbert Ross has achieved some impressive Russian dances à la Moiseyev, and director Peter Glenville has seen to it that the production always maintains a certain level of verve and style. Nevertheless, the principal virtue of *Tovarich* is that it presents a new extension of Miss Leigh's talent and should prompt Cole Porter immediately to write a new musical for this year's "new girl." —HENRY HEWES.

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Purposes and Problems

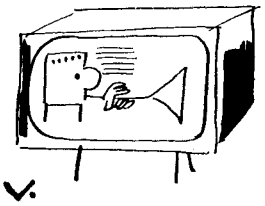
AN EMBARRASSING aspect of the recently published Steiner report on television, which was financed by a grant from CBS, is that it undermined one of the favorite theories of broadcasters—that an audience must first be entertained before it can be led to anything deeper. The report, written by Gary A. Steiner and published under the title *The People Look at Television*, has been discussed previously in these pages but deserves another look.

The classic model of broadcasting's "in-order-to" hypothesis was echoed recently by Robert W. Sarnoff, NBC's Chairman of the Board, in a speech before the Chicago World Trade Conference. Once the attention of citizens has been engaged by entertainment, he said, it can then be led to an understanding of "the nature of the political and economic forces that shape our environment."

"The Jeffersonian conviction that men are inherently capable of making proper judgments when they are properly informed" is at the root of this process. A corollary assumption is that our free institutions are dependent on a prosperous, expanding economy that requires "the continuous stimulation of consumer desires." Said Mr. Sarnoff: "The primary stimulant is advertising, and among all forms of advertising, television has unique capabilities that power the American economy." The argument is logical and has always had its supporters even among television's gadflies. Commonsense experience, however, has grumbled that there might be flaws in it. Audience studies in the past suggested flaws but they lacked compelling authority. The Steiner report is the most authoritative sample to date. It bears out the suspicion that the argument is faulty.

People who look at television, according to Dr. Steiner, generally don't watch information programs. Such programs are unpopular among viewers of both average and advanced education. The more as well as the less educated overwhelmingly choose "escape" entertainment. Nor are they launched by television from escape to political and social understanding and citizen participation in the maintenance of our free institutions. This discontinuity does not negate television's service to the stimulation of consumption. Commercials constitute information, too, and their type of information is obviously closer to the immediate experience of the common viewer than the remoteness and complexity of public affairs. Television can claim credit for this contribution. Nevertheless, since the publication of the Steiner report, the "in-order-to" theory of commercial television is no longer respectable intellectually. Our free institutions are not nourished by information programs, which simply are never watched except by a comparative handful of our citizens.

If the rationalization is impaired, the status quo remains. The network schedules for next year, still fluid, suggest, if not a cutback, at least no increase in public affairs programs. We are apparently entering a post-Minow phase in broadcasting, and the outlines of the tension between the FCC and the industry for the next phase are not yet clear. Certainly the networks will not eliminate information programming. Yet if the Steiner study is to be taken at face value, a serious question arises concerning the meaningfulness of continuing to program public affairs for viewers who are just not there. It may be, as Merrill Panitt, editor of *TV Guide*, recently said, that the public affairs shows need considerable improvement in content and form. It is not likely that the networks will undertake a crash experimental attack on how to bring mass audiences to information shows. Furthermore, there is a question whether television can be expected to communicate understanding of public affairs effectively without reinforcement by other media and channels of communication.



The Steiner report suggests that television, even if blameless, is not really living up to its self-assumed image as a mover of ideas. If, as stimulators of consumption and entertainment, television's leaders are reassured, as thoughtful citizens they ought to be seriously disturbed at the wreck of their "in-order-to" universe.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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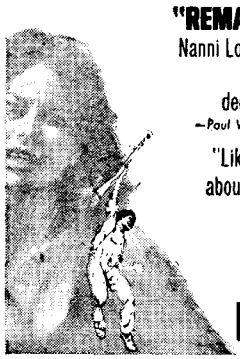

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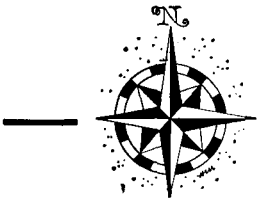


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

They're Off at Jamaica

I WISH I could greet with exhilaration the news that Jamaica, which got its independence last summer, will now organize a Jamaica national airline. Having been on hand in Kingston for the moving ceremonies that gave it freedom, having watched the Union Jack come down and the new Jamaica flag go up, seen Princess Margaret shed a tear, and listened to Jamaicans wonder if they would be able to pay for the trappings of independence—ambassadors, for one thing—I have developed, like many of us who were there that week, keen anxiety about its growth. But paternalism also presupposes parental criticisms, and the news of the airline was like hearing that the newly married couple had bought a grand piano when they were having a bit of a time making the rent.

A flag, a motto, a leader, and a common cause are not enough to launch a nation today. One needs tall egg-crate hotels, a high-powered public relations company to fill them, a national airline to fetch the people there, and, if possible, a head tax to impose upon visitors once they arrive. Thankfully the tall hotels never did come to Jamaica in any overpowering quantity, and, blessings on the new government, no one has yet installed that frightfully inhospitable practice of dunning the visitor a tithe for the privilege of coming there to spend his money.

A prime objective of the Jamaicans is to encourage an expansion of its tourism by lowering the rates both on the ground and in the air. But the new airline will be chartered from BOAC and BWIA and will merely fly under Jamaica's colors and be equipped, in the cabins anyway, with Jamaican personnel. Virtually all the world's airlines with the exception of Icelandic, that lone renegade which flies to its home base at Reykjavik and onward to Europe using propeller planes, are members of an association that fixes standard rates for all flights. It is difficult to fancy that BOAC and BWIA would charter their planes to a new airline which would undercut their own scheduled routes.

Jamaica's problem with its tourism, it seems to me, is not that it needs another airline flying its own colors, its passengers attended by Jamaicans, and, heaven forfend, calypso music buzzing through the loudspeaker all the way to Kingston. It needs, for one thing, an educational program to apprise its own citizens of the benefits that visitors bring. Tourists who are mistrusted and mistreated will quickly find another friendlier corner of the Caribbean where the weather is just as sunny. And someone needs, for another thing, to have a private talk with the immigration and public health officials who work the letter of the law on tourists, and who are apparently under oath not to smile.

Whatever Jamaican flavor will season the cabins of Jamaica Air Lines, it could hardly be more pungent than the English air that permeated the cabin of the Britannia I boarded on a recent night for the flight from Nassau to Montego Bay. I had no more than paid my two-dollar head tax to the Bahamian pirates—they don't even bother to figure it in sterling any more—walked the half-mile to the aircraft, than I was caught up in a whirl of cheery British chatter, most of it mouthed by scrubbed, toothsome faces affixed with brush moustaches. In the world of BOAC the stewards pass trays of "sweets," offer drinks of pink gin, proffer a snappy *"Think yoo."*

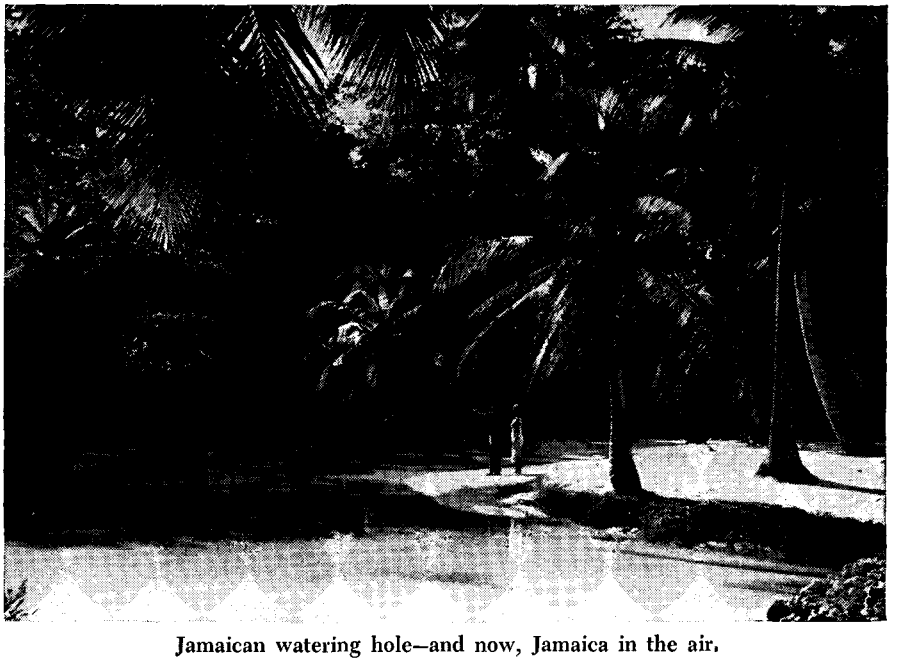
"Pink gin, sa? Moddom?"

"No, I'll have a Scotch, please."

"Think yoo."

Broiled steaks were the only un-British lapse, for which the galley quickly compensated by passing a Stilton wrapped in the traditional napkin girdle. And then the stewards were down the aisle again saying, "Coffee black or white?" The pilot's underplayed explanation of the rather sticky business of flying around the corner of Cuba, required by the chaps now in control, seemed like a snip of sound track out of a film on the RAF. It was all a bit longer than I had anticipated, but it was rather like spending an evening at a British club, and the tedium didn't really begin until we were all on the ground trying to storm the wall at immigration.

While getting in may not be any of the fun, Jamaica is certainly a lush island, a fact especially apparent to one coming from the Bahamas. I put up at the Montego Bay Racquet Club on the heights looking down at Montego Bay, a sight that provides a delightful alternative view for those who inhabit the spectator's gallery above the tennis courts. Its operation has been taken over by Clifford Burt, an Englishman late of the posh preserves of Round Hill, and he has given it a sure hand well developed after a number of years mushing among the millionaires up there. Now he gets a crowd that is only moderately tennis-mad and that remains utterly informal except for Friday nights. On that festive eve the lanterns sway gently from the almond trees in the garden, and a local lady known as Totlyn croons ballads sung in the original by Diahann Carroll. The action, as the activists put it, is down at the Casa Montego, a slim pile on the edge of the bay



Jamaican watering hole—and now, Jamaica in the air.

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that has music and dancing most nights, officers in white off the boats, ladies in cottons down from the blustery boulevards of the north. A night club called the Yellow Bird has been vastly rehabilitated since my last visit, and is the last resort to visit in the course of a night on the town. As for the show, it might well have brought on a blush in Papeete.

For old time's sake I drove up to Round Hill one day and found it filled to the brim with the *haut monde*, or at least the near-*haut monde*. They were crowded along the narrow strip of beach and at high noon they filtered slowly into the dining terrace for the traditional buffet. It was nearly as splendid as in the days I remembered it, although I missed some of the unusual dishes that had been prepared during the peak of its vogue by the members of the kitchen staff of the Hotel George V in Paris who came for several seasons, and another crew from the Villa d'Este at Lake Como who took over later. I was rather appalled by bowls of canned fruit, and some friends who had been there a week when I lunched with them wondered how in the world one gets the unusual fruits which drip from Jamaica's trees. The next day I sent them a basket of naseberries, soursop, custard apples, and uglis that can be found on the stands in Montego Bay but are rarely seen inside the hotels.

Tryall, the handsome golf course and residence colony five miles beyond Round Hill, has now added a dozen rooms which are open to anyone who wants a quiet nook looking down on the links and the lairs of the rich. The dining pavilions and the gardens of the main house could scarcely be more appealing, and the views sweep off down the Flint River Estate to the string of bays that scoop out the shore clear to Montego. In summer, which is supposed to be on us in a nonce if you believe the calendar, the rates slip down to $8 for singles, $25 for two.

On previous visits I had been so preoccupied with Jamaica's celebrated watering holes that I had lost sight of the emergence of a whole string of smaller inns in the hills and along the shore. Doubtless the most unusual is Holiday House, which, despite its run-of-the-inn name, is an oddball nook with plenty of advantages. In the first place, it's about as on-the-water as you can get since it has in fact reached out to encircle a small piece of the Caribbean with its rock arms. The pool thus formed is a placid place but it has a small gateway to the sea through which small boats and guests of medium tonnage may sail. The Lookout, the inn's name for its rock shelter built on the retaining wall, has deep chairs and long telescopes. The spyglasses may be swung toward the south shore of Cuba or, more interestingly, toward the beach at Bay Roc where the lithe internationalists disport themselves in the bikini.

A vintage Rolls-Royce rumbles down to the airport when guests are due at Holiday House, and the rooms are rather spacious apartments with rock walls and rock kitchenettes. For anyone who wants to keep house, the management lays in a stock of soup, tuna fish, bacon and ham, eggs, butter, and other staples, which are charged for as used. Grocery orders filed by 10:30 in the morning are delivered the same day, by Rolls I would presume. For those who don't want to look at a stove, the house serves breakfast and sandwiches at noon and again at the cocktail hour. There are no facilities for dinner service, but guests who enroll for the American plan can eat dinner in town and Holiday House will pick up the check. While I wouldn't care to be their bookkeeper—well, I wouldn't want to be anybody's bookkeeper for that matter—it is a novel arrangement.

"Sea Shell," in a grassy clearing just across the road from Sunset Lodge in Montego, may sound like somebody's estate, but it is the spiffy name for a handful of cottages that put up guests as long as they are willing to eat lunch and dinner somewhere else. The grounds are brimming over with the best of West Indian greenery—a big booming breadfruit tree, a dwarf coconut so close to the ground one can pluck off the coconuts, borders of purple plumbago, bougainevillea running in scarlet rashes, and brilliant poinsettias. A maid pads in with breakfast each morning—they remember to serve local fruits here, all right—and while the cottages have ice boxes there'll be no cooking, *think yoo*.

DRIVING down the coast to Falmouth I took a dusty country road that pried deep into the inland greenery, landing in an odd roost called Good Hope, which is rather like an old back-country plantation on which tourists have been superimposed. The main house is a giant old museum with big shaded verandas running around its rim, and ancestral portraits hanging from the old walls. Guests were having tea on the lawn of a terrace high over the rolling hills, acres of coconut palms, and here and there a brilliant African tulip tree with its bright orange flowers jets of flame against the green. The house was built in 1755 and somehow or other the property has remained intact. On its 2,000 acres its owners raise coconut, cattle, and cane and, besides, cultivate tourists. Its guests sleep in eighteenth-century four-posters that are three feet off the floor, ride horses over 200 miles of trails that curl through lands steeped with relics of the day of sugar and slaves. "True pioneers in the advance of civilization," says a booklet describing the riding trails, "were the Englishmen who came to these remote Colonies and carved empires out of them with the help of slaves forcibly drawn from Africa." Stone walls laid by them and gateposts hauled by them still stand among the palms and the fountains of bamboo. Gazing off on it all from the terrace in the late afternoon with the unruly peaks of the Cockpit Country popping up in the distance like muffins that were unevenly yeasted, one can scarcely keep from turning back to the Maroons, those freed Spanish slaves who fled into the redoubt at the advance of the British and were never conquered. There they rode, two men to a horse, one facing front, the other to the rear, ready to pick off a pursuing Redcoat. So the Cockpit Country became the Land of Look Behind, and surveying it now in the gentleness of approaching twilight can conjure a rather heady hallucination for a man with a teacup in his hands.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Balanchine's *Bugaku*—Munch—*Otello* Revisited

IN Japanese, *Bugaku* means Court Music, but in dance the work of that title just given its first performance by the New York City Ballet in the City Center spells Balanchine in any language. A derivative of the visit to this country of the Gagaku (Japanese Imperial Household company of dancers and musicians) a few years ago, it may be described as Balanchine's adaptation of the Japanese vocabulary of movement to his own inimitably subtle and varied theatrical speech.

Indeed, it is only when Balanchine has put aside the early, formal aspects of entry and introduction (during which one can examine, at leisure, Karinska's ingenious costuming and David Hays's striking green and red parallels around the performing area) that *Bugaku* begins to show his molding hand. The alternately sighing and clangy score by Toshiro Mayuzumi tends to go its way rather than his, but they acquire a curiously adhesive relationship in the long duet for Allegra Kent and Edward Villella. This has something of a nuptial character, in which Balanchine's long obsession with sinuous line and intricate bodily weaving derives new resources of stranding and tension from the attitudes and center of gravity in the Japanese original. Like variations in any art form, these gain greatly from the virtuosity of the performers for whom they are composed, especially Miss Kent with her amazingly limber legs and torso.

A share of this effect has to do, no doubt, with the implacable mask of makeup, the stylized wig and costuming of *Bugaku*, in which Miss Kent performs her arcs and extensions, torso twists, and backward leg thrust while on point. The absence of expression was beautifully complimentary to the (apparent) ease of execution. Villella's partnering was of high quality, with all the bodily resource needed to complete Balanchine's latest problems in plane (but never square) anatometry. Karinska's delightful costuming (the tutus were treated as petaled flowering formations) and Mayuzumi's gaily unpredictable score made for a mélange of effect which if never grossly meaningful was never less than delightful.

A familiar orchestra and a familiar conductor nevertheless made for an unfamiliar experience when Charles Munch appeared for the first time in Philharmonic Hall, as guest with the Philadelphia Orchestra. As well as being all French, the program was all Munch—as all Munch as Fauré's *Pelléas et Mélisande* suite, the second symphony of Honegger, and two works of Ravel.

For all this, there was acute interest in these performances, sounding as they never had quite sounded when Munch had previously performed them in this city with the Boston Symphony or the Philharmonic. Primarily, it could be defined as delicacy with fulness, the tight weave of sound achieving the aural equivalent of spun gold. As much related to the shrewd construction of the program, which began with the highly refined but restricted dynamic scale of Fauré, thickened in substance as the Philadelphia strings gave values to Honegger's symphony rarely heard in it previously, spread into luminuous detail for Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales,* and exploded in a sunburst of color in the second suite of *Daphnis et Chloé* special interest were the *Valses,* which are relatively little played. This is all the more reason for cherishing a performance so musically superior. Arthur Nikisch (one of Munch's predecessors in Boston) once said in compliment to a conductor whose orchestra he guest-conducted: "All I have to do is poetize." Munch might write the same kind of a thank-you note to Eugene Ormandy.

THE same week brought the final appearances for the season of the Boston Symphony under the direction of Munch's successor, Erich Leinsdorf. In the concluding one, Leinsdorf left a highly creditable recollection for spring and summer reflection in Schuman's Symphony No. 3. This was a formulation in very close to complete communion with the cerebral conception itself: a sequence of Passacaglia, Chorale, Fugue, and Toccata which bears twenty years' usage with its hard surface sheen unimpaired. My faith in the Symphony's esthetic validity is badly shaken by the final few minutes, in which the quiet logic of the preceding argument erupts in a tirade of musical invective (rim shots on the snare drum, big percussive effects, the works). It suggests to me that the composer had lost faith in the power of the case he had stated to make a peroration in its own terms. It did, however, serve the purpose of bringing on the creator for a series of mutually congratulatory bows with the

(*Continued on page* 58)

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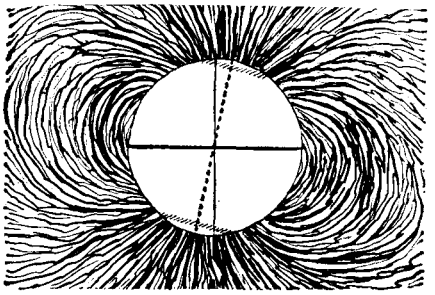

—Doug Anderson

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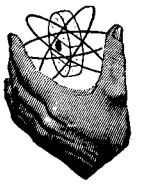

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXXIV • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: Exporting the American Idea

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE FACTS ABOUT THE 1962 SPACE BOMB

MAN'S conception of the planet on which he lives has undergone two great changes in the course of history.

Primitive societies of early times believed that man himself and his earthly home were the focus of all that happened anywhere.

Then, in the third century B.C., a Greek astronomer, Aristarchos of Samos, suggested that earth was an appendage of the star called the sun. Very few contemporaries of Aristarchos agreed with him. But the notion he initiated was brought up again by Nicholaus Copernicus, a Pole, in the sixteenth century of the Christian era. And John Kepler, a seventeenth century German, proved mathematically that earth is a planet of the sun by charting the elliptical path the planet travels.

From then forward to recent decades it was assumed that, except for the gravitational attraction which holds them in orbit, the planets made their rounds with a considerable degree of independent identity. For example, earth was known to be enclosed in a spherical shell of electrons suspended between fifty-five and 250 miles out from the planet. Beyond that point, however, vast empty stretches of space were believed to separate earth from its parent star.

Today it is recognized that planet earth has no genuine independence. It floats entirely within the sun's turbulent atmosphere, which is rent by electrical storms in fitful cycles of eleven years duration. A solar wind blows over the planet constantly, squashing the sunlit half of earth's magnetic field arcs (the magnetosphere) inward toward the earth and driving the darkened half outward into the shape of an elongated teardrop.

This second, or modern, change in man's understanding of the environment from which he himself evolved began with a Norwegian astrophysicist, Carl Stormer, who explained the auroral lights in the northern and southern skies by saying that radiation from the sun was striking earth's atmosphere near the poles and smashing atoms of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen to create celestial fireworks.

In the year 1956, a brilliant young American physicist, Dr. S. Fred Singer of Maryland, hypothesized that some of Stormer's incoming electrical particles might be trapped outside earth's atmosphere. Without describing the form the traps might take, he pointed out two ways in which the particles could come within reach of the magnetic trapping force: 1) by pouring out from the sun directly as charged rain, and 2) by bouncing back from earth's atmosphere when atmospheric atoms were shattered by cosmic ray intruders from outside the solar system.

In 1958, Dr. James A. Van Allen of Iowa, through instruments he put on the earth satellite Explorer I, confirmed Dr. Singer's hypothesis—electrical particles were trapped out there.

Dr. Singer (some called him brash) was emboldened to offer another prediction: The trapped particles would be found to occupy two belts, surrounding the earth like invisible tires, one inside the other. The first belt would be relatively close to earth and would be occupied principally by protons born of neutrons rebounding from the atmosphere. The second belt would lie much farther away and would be occupied by electrons showering directly from the sun at sufficient speed to penetrate the weak outer fringes of earth's magnetosphere.

Within a few months, Dr. Van Allen, using new and more sophisticated instruments than had been aboard Explorer I, again found that Dr. Singer was right. There were two belts, a highly charged one beginning a few hundred miles out from earth and another, containing less powerful electrical energy, extending as far as 50,000 miles out.

But a curious contradiction occurred.

While Dr. Van Allen's name became a household word because of the drama of his work with robot spaceships, Dr. Singer remained known only in a limited circle of physicists and mathematicians trained to appreciate the remarkable quality of his mind. Most people never heard of Dr. Singer's repeated mental jumps in anticipation of Dr. Van Allen's discoveries.

Now it does not require genius, or even ordinary scientific logic, to recognize that the Van Allen radiation belts almost certainly exercise an influence over man's fate. In the longest perspective, it would seem unlikely for them not to be somehow related to rates of genetic mutation insofar as such evolutionary changes are due to radiation exposure. A more immediately possible influence can be postulated in regard to planetary climate and the daily weather, for rainfall is clearly associated with electricity in the air.

From understanding of these potentialities of the Van Allen belts arises an obligation to press for their exploration. What the effects of the belts may be is, of course, dependent on how the belts originated, how their supply of radiation is maintained, what fluctuations occur in the supply, when the radiation is dumped into the atmosphere, why, and what happens thereafter.

A very old and most revered principle of science says that in investigating the unknown, an investigator's tools should be as precise as possible. With that principle in mind, Dr. Singer, very early in his speculations about the radiation trapped by earth's magnetosphere, proposed a tool to study the structure of the radiation belts in fine detail. An accelerator of atomic

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particles should be sent up in a satellite which would orbit in such a way as to traverse the belts on a chartable course. At chosen points and times, accurately measured amounts of particles with pre-determined energies could be injected into the belts. Instruments like those Dr. Van Allen had used could then be employed to watch subsequent events.

Dr. Singer published this proposal only in the scientific literature. He was almost fanatic in avoidance of any association of his idea with politics. Nevertheless, his suggestion was in keeping with the peaceable tradition of the American nation and in furtherance of the nation's proclaimed ideal of resting national survival at least as much on ultimate character as on the momentary might of weaponry.

Unfortunately, official Washington had not been properly educated to offer peaceful science the financial backing required for building and launching the satellite Dr. Singer conceived. But officialdom was bombarded continually with the propaganda of military scientists and military contractors who wanted money. And when the satellite-borne particle accelerator conceived by Dr. Singer was independently thought of somewhat later by N. C. Christofilos, an Americanized Greek scientist, Christofilos put the idea into a classified military document along with an alternate proposal. The alternate called for a cruder and less responsible experiment on the Van Allen belts—the firing of old-fashioned kiloton nuclear bombs high into the sky.

Three such bombs were exploded secretly on August 27, 1958, approximately 300 miles above the South Atlantic near the island of Tristan da Cunha. They generated aurorae as bright as a full moon and enveloped the earth in spherical shells of electrons sixty miles thick for many days thereafter.

When *The New York Times* broke the news of this furtive experiment six months later—over the protest of the Pentagon—scientists and governments abroad complained bitterly. When it was later announced that American military scientists would try to create another sort of spherical shell for the planet by shooting copper needles from a rocket, radioastronomers everywhere (American included) objected to cluttering an atmosphere already twinkling too much for clear observation.

These latter objections were written into formal resolutions and adopted by the International Astronomical Union meeting at Berkeley, Calif. The IAU then took the resolutions to Paris for the September 1961 sessions of the top deliberative body of world science—the International Council of Scientific Unions—on which the United States government was officially represented by delegates from the National Academy of Sciences. The NAS delegation itself drafted an ICSU resolution asking ICSU's Committee on Space Research (COSPAR) to assume responsibility for examining "any proposed experiments or other space activities that may have potentially undesirable effects on scientific activities and observations"; the same resolution appealed "to all governments planning to launch space experiments which could possibly affect other scientific research adversely to make available to ICSU in timely fashion . . . the facts and analyses needed . . . for making wise and proper decisions concerning the proposed experiments."

In the following month the copper needles were rocketed as planned by the American military in spite of all that had happened. The needles stuck together in clumps, thereby achieving inanimately what human persuasion had failed to accomplish.

During the first ten days of May 1962, COSPAR held its first meeting since adoption of the resolution the Americans had written and already violated once. On the eve of that gathering, in Washington, D.C., the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission and the U. S. Department of Defense jointly announced that a nuclear bomb would be exploded in the sky above Johnston Island in the Pacific in the course of the coming summer. No one came forward "to make available to ICSU in timely fashion the information and data about the proposed experiments." The pending explosion was simply announced. COSPAR could take it or leave it. The AEC-DOD statement, issued on April 30 "in response to news media inquiries," said:

"During June or July three high altitude nuclear detonations are planned to be conducted in the vicinity of Johnston Island in the Pacific. Two will be below one megaton in yield. One of these will be at a height of tens of kilometers, and the other at a height of hundreds of kilometers. The other detonation will be in the megaton yield of range, and will be at a height of hundreds of kilometers.

"Public notice will be given approximately four days in advance of each detonation. This will permit geophysicists and other scientists throughout the world to make measurements of interest to the scientific community."

In several respects this statement was a classic in obscurity. "Tens of kilometers" could mean anything short of 100 kilometers; since a kilometer is roughly six tenths of a mile, the height of such blasts would be under sixty miles. "Hundreds of kilometers" could mean anything short of 1,000 kilometers, or something under 600 miles. But nowhere in this muddiness was there any hint of a military experiment. The emphasis was exclusively on science. Dr. Van Allen's reaction was published in three words: "a magnificent experiment.'"

SIR Bernard Lovell, famous British pioneer of radioastronomy, disagreed. To him, the proposed space bomb seemed "one of the most clumsy and dangerous experiments ever devised—an affront to the civilized world," and, moreover, a display of "utter contempt for the grave moral issues involved."

"These proposals to make nuclear explosions in space arise from a small group of military scientists unknown and unidentified to the world at large, who have persuaded their masters to make a series of huge gambles under the guise of defense necessity," he declared. "On the scale of the cosmos they are dealing with fireworks. Nevertheless, the earth is so minute on the cosmic scale and its environment is controlled by the delicate balance of such great natural forces that one must view with dismay a potential interference with these processes before they are investigated by the delicate tools of the true scientist.

"The Americans may have data which will remove these doubts and which will convince the international scientific community that the effects will be temporary. If so, they should produce the information before they make this sledge-hammer blow at the radiation environment of the earth."

Dr. Lovell's voice carried into the halls of the British Parliament. There, for the first time anywhere, a military justification for the space bomb was offered, by Prime Minister Harold Mac Millan. Under questioning in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister said the Johnston Island explosion would test global communication networks vital to defence of the free world. However, he stressed that the bomb was exclusively an American project against

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which formal protest by the British government would be "not only wrong but futile." "One can at least comfort oneself that until a short time ago nobody knew that the Van Allen belts existed," he went on. "If they should now be temporarily disturbed, I do not think that any great harm will come to the world." Asked which British scientists had given him such an impression, he declined to answer, but quoted Dr. Van Allen as saying the space bomb would be "an interesting and not a dangerous experiment."

On the day after that confrontation in Commons, President John F. Kennedy held a press conference in Washington, D.C. After making clear that his advisers had assured him of their "very careful scientific deliberation," he told the assembled newsmen: "Van Allen says it [the space bomb] is not going to affect the belt, and it [the belt] is his." If the President knew that Dr. Van Allen's precursor, the prescient Dr. Singer, held a different view, the awareness was not transmitted to the reporters. Mr. Kennedy concluded his remarks on the space bomb:

"What we are attempting to do is to find out the effects of such an explosion on our security and we do not believe that this will adversely affect the security of any person not living in the United States."

On the following morning, in *The New Scientist* of London, one of the most distinguished living astronomers, Professor Fred Hoyle, warned that if a megaton nuclear bomb were exploded 500 miles above Johnston Island, the Van Allen belts might be breached with incalculable results continuing for centuries. He observed: "The morality of making what might possibly be a long-term change in our environment can very properly be questioned."

The mathematical calculations on which Professor Hoyle based his position were reproduced in SR/Research for June 2, 1962. In an accompanying commentary, this question was asked: Can the American nation, or any nation, claim squatter's rights in the sky?

Advance copies of that issue of SR were mailed to many Federal government officials, including President Kennedy, on May 24. The issue was due on newsstands and in homes of SR subscribers on May 29. On May 28 the AEC and the Pentagon together issued a press statement which discussed the space bomb for the first time in plain English. Without mentioning SR, the statement implied reckless reporting of scientific information.

There had never been any intention to explode a megaton bomb 500 miles up, the statement asserted. The bomb planned for that altitude would be in the sub-megaton range. The megaton bomb would be fired lower down. Anyhow, "a group of outstanding United States scientists including Dr. James Van Allen" had studied the problem exhaustively and were convinced that the effects of the space bomb would "disappear within a few weeks to a few months."

"There is no need for concern regarding any lasting effects on the Van Allen belts and associated phenomena," the unidentified spokesman for AEC-DOD assured the public. "On the contrary, these tests will give an opportunity to scientists to obtain important scientific data regarding the physics of the upper atmosphere including the nature and cause of the Van Allen belts."

THAT very same day, young Dr. Singer put a mimeographed memo into circulation among scientists at California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Dr. Singer shared the widespread understanding of informed scientists that the megaton bomb had been planned for an altitude of 500 miles. So the calculations in the memo were focussed on that altitude. But the memo contained a statistical table and graph that covered a number of different possibilities. One significant possibility was that bomb particles injected into the Van Allen belts might stay and confuse research on the natural composition of the belts for as long as fourteen years.

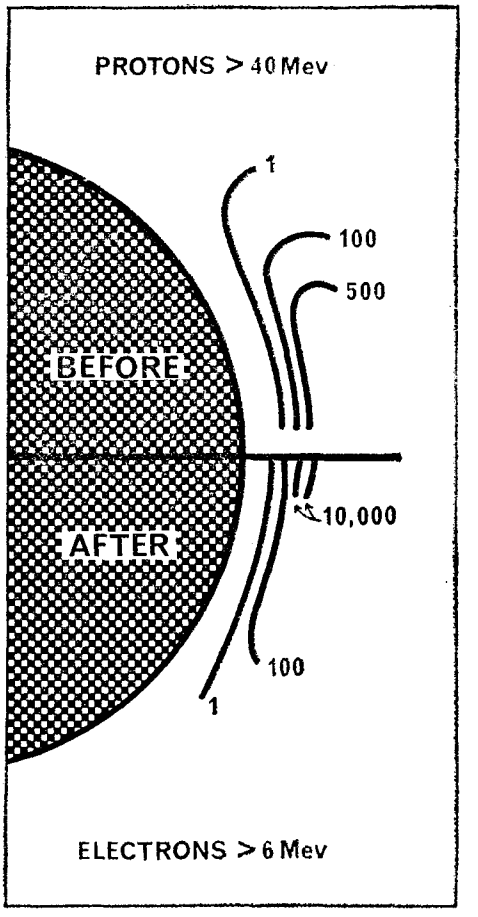
Dr. Singer's figures did not reach print until October 27, when they appeared in the British scientific journal, *Nature*. By that time, the debris of the megaton space bomb had been drifting around for three and a half months.

The bomb was exploded at 09.09 Universal Time (4.09 am., Eastern Standard Time) on July 9, 1962 at an altitude of approximately 250 miles.

Three days after the explosion, an artificial earth satellite named Ariel suddenly stopped sending back to earth the scientific information it had been gathering outside earth's atmosphere. Just three months earlier, Ariel had been shot into orbit with loud hurrahs as a herald of American intent to share peaceful exploration of extra-terrestrial space with friendly neighbor peoples. In Ariel's case, the cooperating neighbor was Great Britain. Now Ariel was dead, victim of a bomb that no friendly neighbor had wanted.

Two other peaceful satellites soon joined Ariel in silence, one of them designed to enhance the safety of sea and air navigation in bad weather.

As July gave way to August, August to September, September to October, and October to November, observations made by the Bell Laboratories satellite, Telstar, exposed a progressively more



—*The New Scientist.*

Hem added to skirt of lower Van Allen belt by Johnston Island space bomb shows plainly in this before-and-after diagram

disastrous picture of the space bomb's effects. The explosion added a 200-mile-deep hem to the skirt of the lower Van Allen belt and dumped dangerous doses of radiation into the path of manned satellites crossing the South Atlantic, where the belts dip close to earth because earth's magnetic arcs are skewed in relation to the geographical poles (see sketch page 45). Over the Pacific, where the belts tilt farther out into space, a patch of sky the size of a postage stamp was bombarded by a billion particles every second. The radiation was ten times more powerful than the maximum ever seen in the natural Van Allen belts, and 100 times the usual intensity. The anonymous spokesman of AEC and the Pentagon sheepishly admitted not only that there were many more trapped particles since the bomb than had been expected but that many of those particles were likely to persist for a period of years. They confessed it was very difficult if not impossible to tell the artificial particles from the natural ones.

Dr. Van Allen refused to accept the Telstar data. His own instruments, aboard another satellite, Injun I, were returning a different story, he said. At

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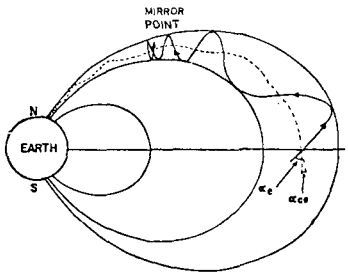

—Dr. S. Fred Singer in Nature.

Why some radiation lives longer in captivity than others (see text).

a Massachusetts Institute of Technology symposium in November he declared that within a year "nobody will be able to tell that such a bomb was ever set off up there." At the 1962 annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Philadelphia in the last week of December, he again insisted that by summer of 1963 the radiation spewed by the space bomb would be gone, and he assailed a contrary official report of September 1, 1962 as a "hasty" and "ill-considered" apologia that would mislead the world into believing erroneously that "we goofed again."

Not until March 15, 1963 did Dr. Van Allen retreat from his position. Then, at a symposium sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, he met news reporters and told them informally that the changes the space bomb made in the Van Allen belts would last for a decade or so. Moreover, he said, the effects of the explosion have "fouled up for some time to come" the possibility of finding answers to "some nice little scientific questions." He identified one such question: How many particles, of what kinds, populate the belts under normal circumstances?

Dr. Van Allen explained his change of mind in these words:

"It's the difference between intuitive expectations and actual observations."

"Intuitive expectations?" Was the space bomb experiment really conducted on such a flimsy foundation? Dr. Van Allen was not doing himself justice when he used that phrase. It would be more accurate to say that he had calculated the effects of the Johnston Island megaton bomb from the observed results of the kiloton bombs exploded above Tristan da Cunha in August 1958. Dr. Singer made similar calculations and came out with a different answer because his formula took cognizance of other elements in addition to the difference in explosive power. Two of those differences can be seen in the sketch on this page.

Earlier in this report it was noted that the arcs of earth's magnetic field hang askew on the globe, dropping closer to the South Atlantic and rising farther out from the Pacific (refer again to the sketch on page 45). The lower edge of the radiation belts thus fall nearer earth's atmosphere between South America and South Africa. If particles are introduced near the atmosphere, as they were over Tristan da Cunha, they will soon knock themselves out through collision with atmospheric atoms. If the injection occurs far away from the atmosphere, as happened over Johnston Island, the lifetime of the particles is extended proportionally. But even high altitude injections can be made at such angles that the particles enter the atmosphere rather quickly. This is true because the particles spiral around the lines of force of the magnetic arcs, as shown in the sketch (left, above). When the angle of the spiral is shallow (see dotted line in the above sketch) atmospheric dumping follows, as it did near Tristan da Cunha. When the angle of injection is steep (see solid line in the above sketch) as was more likely over Johnston Island, the particles spiral down only until they reach a point where the earth-ends of the magnetic arcs bunch close together; at that point the particles turn around and spiral back out into space and down again to a corresponding mirror point in the opposite hemisphere — a trip which occurs in about one minute of time.

To this day, there has been no explanation of the discrepancy between the general anticipation of a 500-mile altitude bomb and the 250-mile altitude at which the Johnston Island megaton bomb actually went off. Did the protests of a thoughtful minority have the effect of lowering the explosion site? Was there a misfire that set the bomb off below the planned height? Or had the 250-mile shot been fired after such hurried and superficial analysis that William L. Laurence, shock-proof science reporting veteran of *The New York Times*, could tag the outcome as "the biggest surprise since the beginning of the space age"? How much more frightful than the scoffed-at predictions might have been the consequences of a 500-mile high blast?

It is the unknown element of today's far-out scientific experiments that needs to be profoundly considered. As a footnote to this point, I refer my readers to the *Foreign Affairs* issue for the 1963 spring quarter. In that issue, an article written by Albert Wohlstetter, of the RAND Corporation, ends with the following sentence:

"The basic failure of the physical scientists and engineers in their turbulent history during the cold war is not their lack of prescience but their acting frequently as if they had it."

—John Lear,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

MORALITY IN SCIENCE

Theodore Hesburgh's excellent article in the SR of March 2 makes a highly questionable assumption. "Science is Amoral," declare the first three words of his title. Despite the cliches to the contrary, the scientist, *as a scientist,* is constantly concerned with better and worse; and the scientific attitude, *the* scientific method, has very definite value assumptions. Here are some of them:

Truth is better than error or falsehood.
Honesty is better than lying or hypocrisy.
Exactitude is better than guesstimates.
Comprehensive truth is better than half-truth, quarter-truth, oversimplification.
Objectivity is better than bias, prejudice.
Tolerance is better than intolerance toward heretical ideas (unless proved wrong).
Economy of expression (e. g. an equation) is better than prolixity.
Agreement is better than conflict.

George Simpson in *Science as Morality* has written a persuasive essay; and C. E. Ayres, in *Toward a Reasonable Society,* goes a step farther and offers interesting evidence that even technology is not amoral. The popular stereotype that the scientist must not make value judgments is as naive as it is dangerous—as Mr. Hesburgh so convincingly proves.

Of course the scientist, like *any* thinker who is determined to think straight, must be constantly alert lest his personal valuations, his wishful or habitual thinking contaminate his conclusions. But here he is endorsing a value judgment of science itself: objectivity is better than prejudice. The scientist who fancies that science is amoral is usually socially irresponsible. In his passive support of the status quo, he is really making value judgments—and unscientific value judgments at that.

Gerald Barnes

Denver, Colo.

The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh (SR, 2 March) expresses a common fallacy of Christian ethical thought. He implies that the Communists view man as a creature of the state having no inalienable rights *because* they do not believe in a Creator, Divine Providence, or eternal destiny. A further implication would be, of course, that all atheists, agnostics, Humanists and other non-theists (including Americans of this persuasion) deny the fundamental dignity and ultimate worth of the individual in contrast to that of the state—presumably because a view of individual dignity and worth cannot grow out of a non-theistic philosophy.

Such a conclusion would be patently absurd. Uncounted numbers of non-theistic Americans—people in government, business, education and the professions—are today bending their efforts to the development of a more democratic social order based upon the ultimate worth of the individual. Would the Rev. Hesburgh disagree with this assertion?

Douglas C. Campbell

North Chicago, Ill.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXIV

FIVE SIGNS ON THE HIGHROAD

Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck of Harvard Have Put Them Up to Guide Delinquents

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TWO boys named Al grew up in city slums. One became Al Capone. The other became Al Smith.

What threw the destinies of these two Als so far apart?

Any socially meaningful answer to the question would also encompass the disparate destinies of thousands of other boys. Hoping to find such an explanation, Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck of Harvard Law School began a study of 1,000 boys in Massachusetts about twenty years ago.

Because of the subsequent research of the Gluecks, it now appears likely that society can recognize at least 80 per cent of each new generation of potential young criminals at five to six years of age. Given this recognition, it should be possible to practice preventive therapy to keep these young people out of trouble.

Identification tables devised by the Gluecks have come out of Westengard House, a small wooden building off Harvard Square here in Cambridge, for quiet testing by the New York City Youth Board, the Commissioner's Youth Council in Washington, D.C., and by judges, schools, and government departments in the United States and several foreign countries. Minor flaws have required revision and further research, but, on the whole, the tables appear to give satisfactory results.

The screening method is based on what Eleanor Glueck has described as "both nature and nurture." It is the result of painstaking investigation and an awesome amount of statistical labor.

The original 1,000 Massachusetts boys were meticulously matched in pairs. All of them were taken from slum homes. Half of them were selected from persistent delinquents at two correctional institutions; the other half were non-delinquent boys selected from public schools. For each delinquent there was a non-delinquent of comparable age, intelligence level, neighborhood, and ethnic derivation.

Then a team of seventeen scientists—including two physical anthropologists, four psychologists, a psychiatrist, social investigators and statisticians—went to work. First came a standard medical examination that covered all external portions of the body and any obvious defects and malformations. Full-length photographs were taken of each of the boys, front, side, and rear, for the purpose of ultimate classification into type of physique.

One of the neglected fields explored by the Gluecks is the role of physique in human behavior. On the basis of William Sheldon's work on somatotypes, human beings are divided into four main physique types: endomorphs, mesomorphs, ectomorphs, and balanced types. Endomorphs tend to be soft and rounded individuals, running to fat; mesomorphs are athletically built, with hard, rectangular, heavily-muscled bodies; ectomorphs are thin and relatively egg-headed, with predominant brains; and, as might be guessed, balanced types fall somewhere among the first three groups in body structure.

The Gluecks discovered that the various types display distinct differences in temperament. Typical endomorphs are submissive, sensuous, little interested in physical activity or adventure. Mesomorphs tend to be strong, practical, and active. Most ectomorphs are sensitive and introverted; and although they are more unconventional in ideas and outlook, they are more inhibited and more prone to emotional conflict. Those of balanced body structure are less emotionally unstable and less fearful of failure.

IT was found that mesomorphs constituted 60.1 per cent of the delinquents, but only 30.7 per cent of the non-delinquents.

In reviewing the Gluecks' book *Physique and Delinquency* (Harper, 1956), Julian Huxley commented, "It is clear that the high correlation between mesomorphy and delinquency depends largely on the extroversion and insensitivity of mesomorphs in general, which renders them more prone to undertake risky and often aggressive physical adventure. But when we ask the question as to why only some mesomorphs become delinquent, we find the interesting fact that mesomorphic delinquents are usually characterized by traits not typical of their general body type, such as emotional instability and conflict destructive urges, and susceptibility to contagious disease. The authors suggest that such exceptional traits are essentionally *dys*harmonious and unsettling for their bearers, and so predispose to delinquency."

VERBAL and performance tests allowed the investigators to go beyond the I.Q. in comparing the intelligence of the delinquents and non-delinquents. To raise the curtain on their character and personalities, all 1,000 boys were given the Rorschach Test, in which interpretation of the curious shapes of ink blots reveals the personality of the beholder.

To supplement the Rorschach, each boy was interviewed by a psychiatrist with whom he discussed such subjects as school interests, employment and family relations.

In addition, an intensive social history of the family and personal background of each boy was compiled. It took the Gluecks' highly trained staff of social investigators eight years to verify these. A total of 402 factors was investigated for each boy, and the 500 delinquents and the 500 non-delinquents then were compared, item by item.

As a result of the study, five predictive factors evolved out of the boys' social backgrounds. Predictions could be made, the Gluecks found, on the strength of 1) discipline of the boy by his father; 2) supervision of the boy by his mother; 3) affection of his father for the boy; 4) affection of his

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mother for the boy; and 5) the cohesiveness of the boy's family.

Eleanor Glueck explained how the system works. "Supposing social investigation shows that the father of a particular boy—let's call him Peter—is overstrict in his discipline of his son. The boy is therefore scored 71.8 on this factor, because it was proved that of all 1,000 boys studied whose fathers' disciplinary practices were overstrict or erratic, 71.8 per cent were delinquent boys. As to supervision, Peter's mother leaves him to his own devices, and does not know what he does or where he goes. On this he is scored 83.2. The father dislikes the boy, expressing his hostility in no uncertain terms. The score here is 75.9. The mother is indifferent to her son, with little warmth of feeling for him. This score is 86.2. As regards the cohesiveness of the family unit, this has to be considered as unintegrated because the mother spends most of the day away from home, giving little if any thought to the doings of the children, and the father, a heavy drinker, spends most of his leisure in bars with his own friends. The boy is therefore scored 96.9.

"Addition of the scores results in a grand total of 414. The prediction table places this boy in the group whose chances of delinquency are nine out of ten. This is so high that preventive treatment is urgent."

THIS was only the beginning. In what other respects did the delinquent differ from the non-delinquent? How refined could the technique of spotting potential criminals be made?

As the gargantuan statistical exercise of processing and cross-matching the 402 factors per boy was carried out, it became evident that many of these "cancelled each other out" since they were shared by delinquents and non-delinquents. But some factors did not cancel out. Indeed, it was found that some forty traits and factors markedly distinguished the delinquents from the non-delinquents.

"From among these," Sheldon Glueck said, "it should be possible with good success to determine potential delinquents early in life."

While delinquency is a prime interest of theirs, the Gluecks' professional lives carry them into far corners of the social sciences. This is not surprising when it is considered that Eleanor began her professional career as a social worker and Sheldon began his as an attorney.

Had they never met, would they—individually—have offered the social sciences as much? Some think this unlikely. Together, they create a curious kind of chemistry which charges the air around them with the excitement that is the most enjoyable part of science.

Their first meeting took place in New York City, shortly after the first World War.

Sheldon Glueck had just returned to the United States with the AEF and had recently been discharged. He was a young member of the New York bar. He had won his education the hard way. Son of a Polish steel manufacturer who had lost his money building a bridge across the Vistula, Sheldon was born in Warsaw and was brought to the United States when he was six years old. He was raised in Chicago ("On Maxwell Street, near Hull House") and in Milwaukee, where he attended the public schools. He was torn between the law and the stage as his future career ("Edwin Booth was my hero").

Today the students in his Harvard Law School seminars know the Roscoe Pound Professor of Law is receptive to stories about "how difficult it is to work yourself through school, sir, and do you mind if I turn in that paper just a bit late?" He is receptive because of his memories.

Young Sheldon won a scholarship to the University of Chicago in a contest of high school orators, but he was too poor to accept the opportunity. Instead, he studied shorthand. "I had heard that if one studied stenography it was possible to get a job in Washington, D.C., and go to school at night." And he went to Washington with his shorthand, worked in the Solicitor's Office of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, attended Georgetown Law School for two years at night, and then went on to George Washington University at odd hours. He took Judge Harold Medina's review course before his bar examinations, and he was preparing to start a practice in New York City after his separation from the Army.

"I hated New York," he remembered recently. "But there were so many lawyers in Washington, and besides, I had a brother who was a psychiatrist in New York."

His brother was Dr. Bernard Glueck, a pioneer in psychiatric social work who had started the first American psychiatric clinic within prison walls at Sing Sing in 1910.

In one of his classes at the New York School of Social Work was a dark-haired young Barnard graduate named Eleanor Touroff. "You should meet my little brother," Professor Glueck told Eleanor one day.

"I thought his little brother was fourteen years old," Eleanor has recently told me. But she agreed to the meeting.

—*Lotte Meitner-Graf.*

Harvard's distinguished husband-wife research team, Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck.

They were scheduled to be introduced at the apartment of one of the Glueck sisters. On the first try, Sheldon didn't show up. "I just didn't want to meet a New York girl with bangs," he said. But Eleanor had seen a photograph of a young man who looked just a little like Hamlet, and she was interested enough to make a second appearance when another invitation came. This time Sheldon arrived on schedule, ("He was a tall, thin boy who looked as if he were hungry"), the meeting took place, and within a week they knew that they wanted to get married.

It was Dr. Bernard Glueck who pointed out to them the possibilities of tandem effort in the application of the scientific process to the social work area. But it was Eleanor who started them on their present road, by leaving New York for Boston when she was graduated from the school of social work.

Her love affair with Harvard had started when, at seventeen, she first visited Cambridge as a delegate to a students' congress. Calling upon the late Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana with her father, a New York businessman, the girl was thrilled when Dana pulled down from a shelf the original manuscript of Longfellow's "The Children's Hour" and remarked casually that his Aunt Alice, sleeping upstairs, was the "grave Alice" of the poem.

When Eleanor next returned to the Boston area, however, it was not to Cambridge but to Dorchester, where she became director of the Dorchester Welfare Center. Before long Sheldon,

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missing his fiance, followed her and enrolled as a graduate student at Harvard Law School.

"Although they had criminology listed in the catalogue, nobody had taught it for years," he said. Instead, he undertook a program which combined studies in law and abnormal psychology, working under Dean Roscoe Pound and Professor Felix Frankfurter at the Law School and Professor William MacDougall and Professor James Ford in the Graduate School. He took a room in Dorchester to be near Eleanor, and commuted to Harvard. They were married in 1922.

Eleanor had decided to go to Harvard's Graduate School of Education. She was working on a thesis and expecting their child when Sheldon won the Doctor of Philosophy degree with a thesis on "Mental Disorder and Criminal Law." Impressed by his potential, Harvard offered him an instructorship in the Department of Social Ethics at $1,000 a year.

"I said, 'Grab it, it will pay for the baby's shoes.'" Eleanor recalled. "I got so excited I had the baby the next day."

In the following year, she was awarded the degree of Doctor of Education, with a thesis on "The Community Use of Schools."

That spring, at a Harvard seminar, Sheldon delivered a paper in which he charged that society knew next to nothing about what happens to the products of our penal institutions. The idea of convict follow-ups so excited the late Dr. Richard C. Cabot that he raised $3,500 from Harvard and from his own pocket and offered it to Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck for a study of ex-prisoners. The subsequent investigation established the reputation of the Gluecks as a research team. Studying 510 young men five years after their release from Massachusetts' Concord Reformatory, the Gluecks found that 78 per cent of the men released from one of America's better reformatories continued to commit crimes, the majority of them serious.

Felix Frankfurter, directing a study of criminal justice in Greater Boston, asked the Gluecks to follow the careers of 1,000 boys who had been through Boston Juvenile Court and examined at the Judge Baker Clinic. Comparing in each case the recommendations made by the psychiatric clinic to the judge, the Gluecks wrote a report which attacked the inadequacy of knowledge about behavior and misbehavior. They discovered, during the study, that 88 per cent of delinquents continued to be delinquent five years after their first skirmish with the law.

From the first, one study by the Gluecks demanded rather than led to the next investigation. By 1934, they had done a five-year follow-up study of 500 criminal careers and another of 500 delinquent women. Challenged to follow the lives of their 500 young criminals to see how they turned out, Professor and Mrs. Glueck went to the Commonwealth Fund of New York, which supplied them with funds that allowed two additional five-year investigations, bringing the period of follow-ups to fifteen years.

WHAT happened to most delinquents in the fifteen years after they first strayed afoul of the law? "We found that they kept failing until their late 20's," Professor Sheldon Glueck said. When that age was reached, however, the social scientists discovered a profound drop in recidivism. Was this due to a biological change during this period of life? The Gluecks do not discount the possibility. "The White House conference on drugs reportedly revealed that during their early thirties, addicts don't need drugs as much as they did before," Professor Glueck said. "We believe that a 'delayed maturation' may cause antisocial behavior."

In their work the Gluecks have ranged over the wide horizon of modern criminology, traveling the world in the process. Sheldon Glueck served as Washington's official delegate to the International Prison Congress in Prague in 1930 and again in Paris in 1950. During the Nuremberg trials he was consultant to Justice Robert H. Jackson, the American prosecutor. Professor Glueck has served as a member of the Supreme Court's Advisory Committee on Rules of Criminal Procedure, and is currently on the Committee on the Revision of the Rules. He is also chairman of the Scientific Committee of the International Society of Criminology, which is headquartered in Paris and accounts for summers the Gluecks spend in France—if they are not committed elsewhere, as they were in Japan in 1960 and in Israel during 1962.

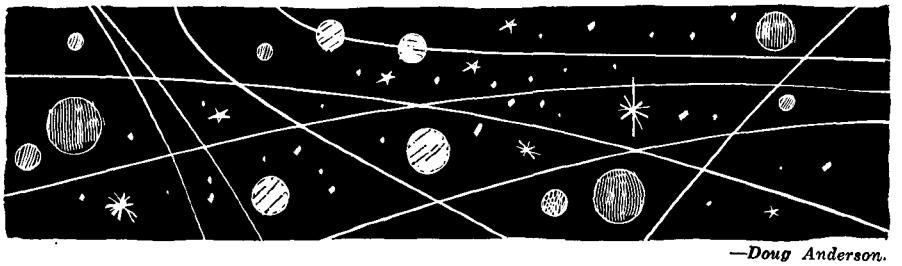
IN 1961 Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck were given the August Vollmer Award of the American Society of Criminology for distinguished contributions to the literature of criminology. In 1962 Sheldon Glueck received the Isaac Ray Award of the American Psychiatric Association. In a series of four award lectures at the School of Law and the School of Medicine at Tulane, dedicated to Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter, Professor Glueck outlined reforms which must be made in the law as it deals with the insane.

Of all their honors, the Gluecks are proudest of the fact that they are the only husband and wife ever to receive honorary degrees from Harvard. The degrees of Doctor of Science were bestowed in 1958 in recognition of the validity of their utilization of the scientific method in social science.

What is next? The 1,000 boys of their pioneering study have long since become men, and the Gluecks and their staff have followed the former delinquents and non-delinquents to age thirty-two. This has resulted in a vast pool of facts, "enough for a great many Ph.D. theses." It is estimated that it will take at least another ten years to complete the project.

In the meantime, validation studies of the prediction tables continue to go on in various far-flung parts of the world. Probably the most important prediction study now going on in the United States is that of the New York City Youth Board. That group is finding that the Glueck Social Prediction Table gives "very satisfactory results" for white and Puerto Rican boys, both in predicting which boys will remain non-delinquent and which will succumb to delinquency. Experience has shown the need for some refinements in the table.

Dr. Eleanor Glueck explained: "Investigations have demonstrated that some Negro children were members of consanguineous rather than conjugal families, with the father often missing from the home and the mother regarded by her own children as an older sister, while the grandmother was looked upon both as mother and head of the family. Since these facts were not generally known at the initiation of the experiment, the social investigators misclassified many families in respect to 'family cohesiveness,' one of



—*Doug Anderson.*

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the original five predictive factors. This situation is now in the process of correction."

What is remarkable to the Gluecks is that their tables were built up on a sample of Boston boys who were largely of Irish, Italian, English, and Slavic derivation, but are showing satisfactory results on boys who are largely of Negro, Puerto Rican, and Jewish background.

Will the screening tables work when applied to children raised in non-American cultures? Preliminary tests indicate that they will. Tokuhiro Tatezawa of the research staff of the Family Bureau of the Supreme Court of Japan has applied the prediction table to a sample of thirty delinquents and thirty matched non-delinquents and has reported that the factors encompassed in the Glueck system sharply distinguish the two groups despite differences in the American and Japanese cultures. Outstanding researchers in Japan and Italy have recently expressed interest in replicating the study in which 500 delinquents and 500 non-delinquents were compared in both biologic and sociologic areas. Professor Glueck says, "This would mark the beginning of a much-needed science of comparative criminology."

The Gluecks are not unaware that there is opposition as well as enthusiasm on the part of their fellow professionals in the social sciences concerning prediction tables as a means of identifying delinquency. They emphasize that they do not offer prediction tables as a substitute for clinical judgment. But they insist that screening devices can help the therapist see the individual in the perspective of organized experience with hundreds of other boys who in many crucial respects are similar.

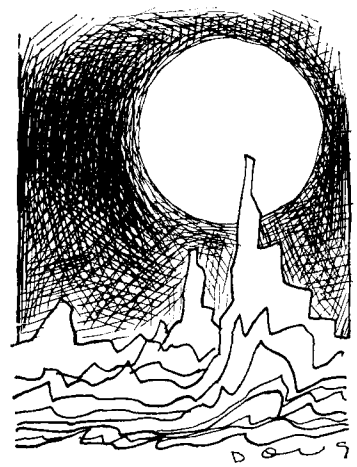
Even in their present state of refinement, both Dr. Eleanor and Professor Sheldon Glueck readily admit their tables may occasionally cause the clinician to miss some potential delinquents and label as delinquents some non-delinquents. However, they believe that "with care, any possible 'tainting' of the small proportion of children whom the table might misjudge can be avoided. In the meantime, the great majority can be given preventive therapy."

"We should be able to spot 80 to 85 per cent of potential young criminals," Dr. Eleanor Glueck said.

"We are challenged to do something about them."

—Noah Gordon.

(Noah Gordon is Science Editor of the Boston Herald now on leave writing a novel.)



On Predicting Space Weather

Washington, D.C.

OSO I, the most sophisticated artificial earth satellite designed for exclusive study of behavior of the sun, completed a year in orbit outside earth's obscuring atmosphere on March 7, 1963. Goddard Space Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration celebrated the anniversary by inviting hundreds of American and foreign scientists to a symposium here to discuss what the robot observers aboard the satellite have taught man about his primaeval father.

John C. Lindsay, Goddard project scientist for OSO I, set the tone for the birthday party by saying: "This symposium is a progress report. We don't claim everything said here is gospel."

Lindsay noted that it would have taken 12,000 Aerobee rockets to gather as much information about the sun as OSO I has gathered. OSO I cost roughly $10 million; 12,000 Aerobee rockets would cost roughly $1 billion.

The OSO I finding which seems to have excited NASA officials most is Goddard scientist William A White's report of a pattern in the occurrence of microflares, junior sunstorms too small to be seen by telescope from the earth's surface.

Major solar flares are catastrophic. An average-sized one is equal in power to a few million hydrogen bombs detonated at once. A very large flare equals the blast of a billion H-bombs set off within one hour. Large solar flares can spread in minutes over hundreds of millions of square miles of the sun.

For many years, scientists thought these unpredictable solar hurricanes would foredoom space travel. Recent studies are more optimistic. One estimate is that a large solar flare—large enough to spew lethal doses of radiation in the path of manned spaceships—occurs on the average of once in eighteen months. But no one knows when the storm will come during those eighteen months.

In contrast to such very destructive phenomena, microflares occur almost continuously. There may be 100 of them in a day. Each lasts only fifteen to thirty minutes, whereas a major sunstorm lasts four to five hours.

While reading magnetic tapes on which OSO I's radio messages were recorded, scientist White found three series of microflares in a regular pattern. Emission of X rays of one to ten angstrom units in length was so regular, indeed, that White could and did predict when the next microflare would show up on the unread portion of the tape. The next microflare came within a minute of the time he had fixed.

The regular pattern was significant in itself because solar storms previously had been considered random events in pandemonium. As White put it: "The sun is such a dynamic beast with things changing on all different time scales that it is quite remarkable to find a regularity that extends over a period of days."

Both White and Lindsay hinted that microflares may be the stuff that super-flares are made of. If this turns out to be true, prediction of the weather in interplanetary space is a genuine possibility.

—Howard Simon.

(Howard Simon reports on the physical sciences for The Washington Post.)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—F J. Higgins.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into a new environment of man's own making, a place where new substances are too often introduced because they are new. Synthetic insecticides, for example, turn out to be poisonous to men and other animals when used too freely. Synthetic detergents pollute water sources to such an extent that the U. S. Congress and legislatures of a number of states are deliberating restrictive legislation. Biological and engineering science are not, of course, oblivious to the sometimes sad and occasionally disastrous side effects of their handiwork. The detergent waste problem has been vigorously attacked to small effect. Now, at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N. J., Dr. Melvin A. Benarde, an associate resident specialist in engineering biology, and Dr. Bernard W. Koft, an assistant professor of bacteriology, have made a clearing on a thorny frontier.*

by MELVIN A. BENARDE

Rutgers University

BECAUSE the microbes which enjoy a diet of soapsuds apparently have little taste for detergent subs, bubbles of the latter are seeping out of sewers into sources of drinking water and carrying with them danger to health.

For some time past a search has been under way for microbes that would break up the detergent molecule by using oxygen atoms to split the benzene ring which holds the molecule together. If such microbes exist, they have not yet been discovered in spite of concentrated exploration.

Here at Rutgers we have designed experiments around a different strategy. We felt confident, to begin with, that the failure to break down the detergent molecule by oxidation was due to the approach and not to the intractability of the problem because a slow decay of the molecule had been observed to occur under natural conditions with no help whatever from man. In some unexplained manner, detergents draining into sewage systems and open streams would gradually disappear in a period of thirty to forty days. Therefore, we reasoned that one or more species of microbes might be at work on the problem and that all we needed to do was find them and find out how they were doing this job.

Perhaps these organisms weren't able to destroy the molecule as a whole. Perhaps they simply bit off a piece of it— the *sulfonate* which detergent makers add to the cleansing agent called *alkyl benzene* in order to make the *alkyl benzene* soluble in water. If there were microbes which snipped off the *sulfonate,* they would help solve the water pollution problem by removing the *alkyl benzene* from solution and causing it to float like oil on top of the water, whence it could be removed easily.

Our first task was to obtain some likely environment in which such microbes might be living. Wherever they were, if they were liberating sulfur from the *sulfonate,* they could have about them something of the rotten egg smell of hydrogen sulfide gas. We gathered samples of the soil from many areas of Maryland and New Jersey, particularly where odors of hydrogen sulfide were noticeable. We later mixed all these samples together and added water and sewage in order to assemble a working force with as many different microbial talents as possible.

A glass column was turned into a factory by placing the soil, the water and the sewage in the glass and perfusing the column with a solution of glucose (sugar to provide the microbes with energy for their work) and salts (containing those traces of minerals which are essential to all life). This glucose and salts diet gave the microbes in our factory little if any sulfur, however, and sulfur is an essential ingredient in the manufacture of protein.

Our purpose was to learn whether our microbes were hungry enough for sulfur to try to obtain it from the *sulfonate* in the detergent molecule. We accordingly fed them *alkyl benzene sulfonate* and waited to see the results.

After several days, we collected effluents from what we hoped would be a dis-assembly line in our factory. We allowed these liquids to stand for several days. From strips of paper we had hung inside the glass, we could see that sulfur was being released in the form of hydrogen sulfide. For the paper was impregnated with lead acetate, a chemical which turns into lead sulfide when sulfur is present. Lead sulfide is black in color, hence the paper strips turned black as the microbes freed the sulfur.

But could we be sure that the sulfur was coming from separation of the *sulfonate* and the *alkyl benzene*?

WE had several promising clues.

First, we had measured the amount of *alkyl benzene sulfonate* (known familiarly as ABS) which we fed to our microbes. By using methylene blue, a chemical that couples easily with ABS in chloroform, we could estimate how much ABS remained at the conclusion of our experiments. Since we ended with less ABS than we had in the beginning, our microbes obviously were succeeding in breaking down the ABS molecule.

Breaking it into what?

On the surface of our effluents an oily substance was seen to be floating. *Alkyl benzene* is an oily substance. We suspect this particular substance is *alkyl benzene,* but we will not be certain until exacting analyses are completed.

We have, however, isolated several micro-organisms from our effluents. We have identified these by adding ferrous chloride to our standing liquids. In the presence of hydrogen sulfide, ferrous chloride changes into ferrous sulfide, which is black in color. So wherever a smudge of black appears on the glass walls of our factory, we know there are microbes busily freeing sulfur from the ABS.

Although we can repeat our experiments successfully, we cannot yet predict results with the required precision. Therefore, we are eager to step up our present liter-sized experiments (in which our materials fill only an ordinary milk bottle or two) to five- and ten-gallon quantities which might teach us how to run a pilot factory.

The research frontier we are exploring is very broad and deep. Detergents are only one class of refractory materials man has invented in altering his natural environment. Insecticides are another class. All their residue goes down the sewer together and into man's supply of drinking water, which must be guarded well.

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EXPORTING THE AMERICAN IDEA

Quaker Technology Among the Senecas

By ANTHONY WALLACE

IN the world today there are new nations, and old; the people of most of these nations are seeking ways to develop their resources and to advance in civilization. Our age, in fact, is unique in the large number of peoples who are dissatisfied with the *status quo* and who aspire to development. But, of course, merely wishing does not make it so: technical and scientific development, among other things, is required, because the industrial and scientific revolutions of the past two centuries have made it impossible for the technically unsophisticated to carry forward successful social change on any large scale. Indeed, to many highly trained personnel from heavily industrialized parts of the world, it would appear that the only serious problems in development are technical and that these are to be solved by instituting the "correct" reforms in education, in the fiscal structure, in agricultural land holdings, and so forth. Thus, a recurrent dilemma of choices in development has come into existence: technology, on the one hand, which is substantially the same everywhere, and which demands the subservience of all aspects of the culture to its own iron requirements for "progress"; and, on the other hand, the human heart, which seeks a life of dignity, of values, and of self-respect, in whatever various ways are meaningful to it, whether or not they happen to conform to technology's demands.

In brief, then, a principal problem in development is that the direction of technical, industrial, and economic advance and the direction of popular sentiment are not always the same. The technical movement and the revitalization movement may be at cross-purposes. Since the motivating energy for the technical movement must, insofar as the local population is concerned, be supplied by the revitalization movement, it is necessary to examine the phenomenon of popular movements of social reform or revitalization movements in more detail.

Revitalization movements are deliberate, organized, conscious attempts by some or all of the members of a society to construct for themselves a more satisfying culture. Their purposes may include changes in political structure, in the organization of economic activities, in the relations among kinfolk, in patterns of warfare; but whatever are the social and technical intentions of such a movement, the rationale is always either explicitly religious or politically fanatical, or both. The emotional atmosphere of such movements is therefore ecstatic, particularly in the early phases, for the goal to which the movement strives is not just rational technical improvement, but (and this is an invariable rule) an improvement in the self-respect of the people. The members of a revitalization movement are seeking to achieve new identities; they hope to be reborn, spiritually, morally, intellectually. Impelled by the vast emotional force of such a movement, a people can successfully accomplish sweeping changes in culture in a very short time; but they can also virtually commit collective suicide if the cultural changes are ill-conceived and the chosen means unsuited to the desired ends.

Anthropologists have discovered and described various types of revitalization movements. In Melanesia, for instance, the "cargo cult" is one of the most common forms. In the typical cargo cult, the affected population believes that their ancestors are coming in a great ship, filled with all the material wealth of Europe; when the ship docks, the white colonists will be driven away and the natives will be left in peace to enjoy the fruits of civilization. In South America, by contrast, particularly during the colonial era, many Indian tribes sought to escape the Europeans who were overrunning their country by following a shaman in a long march to a mythical *terre sans mal* ("land without evil"). Among North American Indians, the Ghost Dance is the most famous movement: the Indian believers hoped that their dancing would preserve them through a coming holocaust in which the white man would be driven away; in the renewed world, the Indian would be able to enjoy his ancient culture, and hunt the buffalo, in peace. In Africa, the Xosa fought the whites under prophetic inspiration in the nineteenth century, and many starved in the mistaken faith that in the new world a-coming there would be not only military victory but manna from heaven: they burned their crops and killed their cattle in anticipation. In China, the Taiping rebellion was a monumental revitalization movement which nearly succeeded in unseating the Manchu dynasty; in India, the Sikh religion originated in a revitalization effort by a prophet who wished to develop a synthesis of the divergent and sometimes clashing Muslim and Hindu traditions. In the circum-Mediterranean world, we may, if we wish, discern in the origins both of Christianity and of Islam, the general pattern of the revitalization movement. In Europe, in later times, the revitalization process is manifest in such major efforts at social reform as those launched in the name of religion by Luther and in the name of science by Marx. In the United States, it is not difficult to recognize today the swelling of revitalization movements in the efforts, led by such leaders as Martin Luther King, to secure to the American Negro his civil rights.

THE typical revitalization process may be considered to consist of five more or less overlapping stages: Steady State, Period of Increased Individual Stress, Period of Cultural Distortion, Period of Revitalization (during which occur the functions of cultural reformulation, communication, organization, adaptation, cultural transformation, and routinization), and New Steady State. Only the successful movement will proceed through all five stages; many abort at some point during the fourth stage. The stages are briefly described as follows:

Steady State. When a culture is in what we call a steady state, the sanctioned techniques for satisfying human needs operate with sufficient efficiency so that chronic stress remains within tolerable limits. There may be local pockets of dissatisfaction, occasional crises for many individuals, personal disaster for a few; but the cultural system is not generally blamed by the population for such circumstances.

The Period of Increased Individual Stress. During this period, the sanctioned ways of satisfying the human

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needs which are generated by the culture operate with decreasing effectiveness. More and more people are unable to do what they want to do and have been taught what they should do. Frequently acculturation situations, in company with political and economic exploitation, produce such a situation; but other processes, such as progressive waste of natural resources, or excessive population increase, can lead to the same result. The adequacy of the existing cultural system is questioned.

The Period of Cultural Distortion. Disillusionment with the existing cultural system becomes rampant and individuals seek to find a way out, often by devious means. Some turn to what have been conventionally considered to be crimes: theft, bribery, corruption; others to such psycho-pathological avenues of escape, as drugs and alcohol may afford. Cooperative use of the traditional cultural facilities declines with "every man for himself." The cultural fabric is rent with contradictions and inconsistent expectations.

The Period of Revitalization. Inasmuch as the process of decadence and decline characteristic of the above, will, if left unchecked, end in disaster for most of the population, efforts will be made to formulate a new culture which will satisfy existing needs more reliably than the one which, for one reason or another, has broken down. Such efforts, if seriously prosecuted, become revitalization movements. Any revitalization movement must, complete six tasks:

1) Cultural reformation. Someone, whether a dogmatic political leader or party, or an inspired religious prophet, must produce a Code. This Code will, essentially, divide reality into three parts: It will define the existing state or society as evil, and explain in what respects it is evil; it will describe an ideal, or utopian, goal culture, which will truly satisfy human needs; and it will prescribe an intervening state or process, which has been termed a "vehicular" or "transfer" culture, by means of which the people may pass from present misery into future bliss.

2) Communication. This Code must be communicated to the people; in other words, it must be preached. The preaching can be done in various ways: by public exhortation; by quiet, patient instruction; by insinuation, rumor, and gossip. But preaching of the Code must continue throughout the life of the movement; in fact, it is apt to outlive the movement itself, and to survive as an increasingly ancient Bible.

3) Organization. The movement's membership must expand and have structure. At first, it is confined to the leader or prophet: he gathers disciples; the disciples in turn attract followers to perform various tasks; and, finally, the mass of the more or less converted are brought into membership. The ideological leadership remains in the hands of the charismatic prophet; practical control, however, may rest with less well-known men.

4) Adaptation. Almost certainly the movement will have enemies, because it is certain to threaten various vested interests. Some of these enemies can be won over by doctrinal modifications which protect certain of their special interests. But not uncommonly the movement must be revolutionary: it must fight, by open political action, or by subversion, or by military force, to seize such organs of power as are needed to put the transfer culture into operation. In the preparation for, and course of, fighting, movements may become "sour"; the early emphasis on such ideals as the brotherhood of man fades, and loyalty, courage, and persistence in attacking the heretics become heavily valued, sometimes to the point of transforming the movement into a military machine.

5) Cultural transformation. If the problems of adaptation to local circumstances are met, then the movement can, with its access to political and other forms of power unchallenged, proceed to put into effect the cultural reforms necessary to establish the transfer culture. This transfer culture may last for only a brief transition period before the goal culture arrives; but, more commonly, the transfer culture is as much as will ever be achieved.

6) Routinization. Once the goal culture has been realized—or, more commonly, once the transfer culture has survived all serious challenges from dissatisfied adherents of the old order, the movement organization will tend to relax, to adopt a less censorious, less rigorous attitude, and to permit civil authorities to manage the new institutions, while the movement gradually becomes, in effect, a "church."

The New Steady State. If the movement organization successfully routinizes and contracts, and the goal- or transfer-culture continues to prove itself viable, a new steady state can be said to exist. But, of course, the society may again fall, from difficulties from which new revitalization movements will attempt to revive it; and now, the old revitalization movement finds itself in the role of the conservative, or reactionary, regime.

As a happy example of the revitalization process and its relation to technical-aid programs, let us consider the successful cultural reform carried out by the Seneca Indians between 1798 and about 1815. Although it is remote from us now in time, and involves a small tribe of several thousand American Indians resident in New York State, in the United States of America, the principles at work are relevant and the case may serve as a relatively non-political example.

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The Seneca Indians, having fought on the British side during the American Revolution, shared in the British defeat. Left alone to cope with the victorious revolutionaries after the war, they rapidly lost their hunting grounds in a series of land purchases (which are still the subject of litigation in American courts, by the way), and the land on which they could hunt and farm totaled only a few hundred square miles in area. Seneca morale crumbled. In two generations, they had fallen from high estate to low: in the 1760s after the British victory in the French and Indian War, they were no longer in a position to hold the balance of power between the French and the British, and consequently had fallen in the esteem both of the British and their own Indian allies.

During the Revolution, their towns were destroyed, their people were dispersed, and their hunting grounds were lost. They faced moral crisis; they still wanted to be men and women of dignity, but they knew only the old ways to honor: for the men, the hunt, the warpath, and the council fire; for the women, the raising of corn, and the management of family and clan affairs —and these old ways now led to pov-

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erty, to contempt from arrogant frontiersmen, and to despair.

To abandon the old ways meant undertaking new customs, sometimes repugnant and always uncertain of success. And so the Senecas stagnated in their shabby frontier settlements, drinking when they had the chance, and fighting among themselves.

TWO events changed all this:

The first event involves a technical-aid program. In 1798, the Society of Friends (Quakers), encouraged by the Federal Government, sent a group of young people from Philadelphia to the Seneca Indians. This group, and their successors, remained for many years. These people were not bent upon converting the Senecas to Christianity; nor did they attempt to dictate the forms of their political, religious, or family life. Their aims were simple: to teach the Senecas the technical skills of farming, carpentry, masonry, spinning, and weaving, and the other arts of rural husbandry then regarded as most effective; to give, or lend, or sell at cost, the necessary tools and other capital goods needed to establish the same technology; and to persuade them to the sobriety which their own leaders had been recommending.

The second event was a revitalization movement. In 1799, into the moral chaos which still surrounded the early Quaker efforts, the revelations of the prophet Handsome Lake sped like a golden arrow, dispelling darkness and despair. He said that unless he and his people became new men, they were doomed to be annihilated in an apocalyptic world destruction. They must confess past sins; abandon drunkenness, fighting, and witchcraft; and henceforth lead upright lives. He went on, in successive revelations (some of which were recorded by Quaker scribes on the scene), to prescribe the new way of life. Some of his instructions concerned purely theological and ritual matters; but a large part of his Code was directed toward the resolution of moral issues presented by the new social and economic situation of reservation life, and by the technical improvements suggested by the Quaker mission. He told the Senecas to adopt new techniques of agriculture, which required that men plow the fields (hitherto the Seneca women were the agriculturists); he advised that some learn to read and write; he counseled them to emphasize the integrity of the married pair's household, rather than the old matrilineal system.

In sum, as a spiritual leader, he incorporated into his own recommendations many of the technological improvements suggested by the Quakers; and the Quakers, on their part, conceded that his religion, although different from their own, certainly had much merit. The collective reform met with an astounding success. The Senecas became widely known for their sobriety; the new pattern of agricultural living, with its associated emphasis on the individual farm family, quickly became the norm rather than the exception; and the Code of Handsome Lake itself gradually became a force to maintain the successes accomplished during the period of enthusiasm. The Handsome Lake religion is still followed today by hundreds of Senecas.

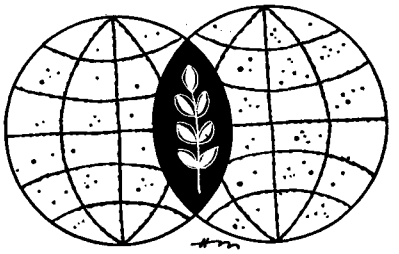
The social and cultural conditions predisposing to revitalization movements can most succinctly be characterized as those which maximize discrepancy between a population's aspirations and its confidence in the suitability of the presently existing social and cultural system for realizing those aspirations. No doubt a moderate degree of tension between aspiration and confidence is, at least in urban industrial civilization, both normal and a stimulus to progress. The tension can produce disorganization, however, if as a result of internal or external factors, the discrepancy widens to a point where despair and disillusionment become widespread. Theoretically, such a situation could result from the operation of purely internal processes, such as population pressure or exhaustion of natural resources. More commonly, however, at least in the past several hundred years, these situations have been produced by intergroup relations, particularly in technologically less developed areas in contact with agents of industrialized nations, where rapid and ill-coordinated acculturation (including the communication of images of a better way of life), military and political domination, and internal corruption and decadence have established extreme discrepancy between the picture of things as they are and things as they might be.

The individual corollary of these group characteristics is a lowered sense of self-esteem and a striving for the realization of an ideal personal identity. The stress engendered by this conflict can elicit both extreme personal demoralization, or, in contrast, heroic efforts to recapture self-esteem by personal resynthesis and devoted efforts to improve the society with which the individual is identified. Leaders of revitalization movements would seem to draw their charismatic glamor from the fact that they present the image of a person who has in the past suffered from the same demoralization as his compatriots, but who has successfully worked through the dilemma.

The very societies in which development programs are most likely to be established are also likely to contain one or more revitalization movements directed against the *status quo*, or to be dominated by politically successful recent revitalization movements. In large measure, the motivation to undertake a technical and scientific development program will be supplied by the emotional forces described above, and the goals to which the development is directed will be explicitly stated, or implied by, the movement's Code. The personnel in the host area who are involved in working and cooperating with this program will include many who are leaders in, or followers of, revitalization movements.

It is consequently of great importance for the administrators of a development program to understand and to respect the values and goals of the revitalization movements in the country in which they are working. It is not a question of foreign technical personnel identifying with, and attempting to control, such movements; this is apt to be disastrous. So also would be the effort to discourage or to disparage what the members of a movement are trying to do, even when the aims appear to be impossibly utopian, and the means somewhat strange and even bizarre, to the technical personnel.

DEVELOPMENT programs with "strings" which are considered to impugn the self-respect and human dignity of the "new men" which the revitalization movement is producing, are certain to be resisted openly or quietly subverted. The movement is principally concerned to develop the "new man"; from its point of view, technical development is a handmaiden to this aim. But where, as the simple example of the Quakers and the Seneca Indians shows, the technical development program respects the movement, even if it does not fully understand it or even like it in all respects, and the movement respects the technical program, with the same qualifications, then the tremendous energies of the revitalization movement can be placed at the disposal of technical development. Under such circumstances, great progress can be made in a very short time.



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March 4, 1933

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to the kind of article that Mr. Lippmann wrote, that he had a quiet feeling that there had been nothing in his career as he went along that one way or another he hadn't been able to find an answer. That didn't mean, I think, that he felt he had all the answers within himself just like that. But that he had faith that the—

FARLEY: He had faith.

ROOSEVELT: He had faith—I mean a spiritual faith—

FARLEY: Yes, I mean that; that's what I meant.

ROOSEVELT: But he also had a firm belief that he knew the kinds of people who, working together, would [do] the job. And after all he did put together teams of people. Tommy over here was one of the teams, and in a lot of things that came later, and so is everybody around the table here. And I think that in many instances he would listen; he would pick people's brains; he would really try to get ideas from every possible quarter. And I doubt very much whether he was seriously worried that there wasn't a solution. Now, I don't say he wasn't worried about the country and probably very much worried that it would get there fast enough so that a lot of people might not get hurt before the answers did come. But I never saw him frankly—

FARLEY: He had a lot of confidence in himself, Jimmy.

ROOSEVELT: I think he had.

FARLEY: And he inspired great confidence in others.

WALLACE: He had a great capacity to lift people in those days.

FARLEY: I never saw him down, so to speak. I never saw him really down.

HEFFNER: What do you mean?

FARLEY: Well I mean, give up, so to speak. There was never a time he wasn't—didn't have his hand on the trigger, so to speak, and was ready to carry on. . . .

HEFFNER: There were a lot of people who said that his trial with infantile paralysis had given him a strength that no man could have had otherwise. Do you think that's true . . .?

ROOSEVELT: Well, I suppose there's no question about it, that his problems in walking—and it was a real physical effort to put on those heavy braces and move around much—created within him a capacity, a reserve capacity, again probably to feel that if he could get along with this, probably he could get along with anything. And I think the other great thing he did was—you and I, you know, can get up and something bothers us and we get nervous and we walk around the table; we can relieve our tension, and this he couldn't do. And I think that this taught him also or gave him a kind of patience that probably you would—he never would have developed without infantile paralysis. I don't mean by that that he didn't get impatient. But I think it gave him a feeling, a reserve again, a necessity of sitting in one spot and being able to do the job there. The only time, as I think I have said before, that I think that this ever really bothered him was in the sense of not being able to get out if there was an emergency fire. It was the only thing I ever heard him express any fear of. . . .

LINDLEY: I think he did have confidence in himself and I think he made others feel that he had confidence in himself and he did have the power to give them a lift. I think that came out in the, certainly in the Inaugural Address, very emphatically. I think it had come out during his campaign, too, at various times, although the people there were looking him over, taking his measurements. He was not a messiah; they didn't regard him as one; and I think that was a great advantage from his viewpoint when he became President because what he did was beyond the expectations of almost everybody.

HEFFNER: Of course, those of us who knew him only through the newspapers and newsreels and others' recalling of him, we know, I suppose, of his sense of humor which you gentlemen in the books you have written have recounted; and of his deep sense—Mr. Farley, you mentioned before—his deep sense of faith—

FARLEY: I remember that going down to the train.

HEFFNER: Going down to—

FARLEY: That was when we went down to the train to the Inauguration. I happened to go into the parlor car, the rear observation car, and he was in there all alone at the time, and I sat down and he started to talk along spiritual lines that day, his faith in God and the necessity for divine guidance and divine assistance in the days ahead. But he used, he spoke very spiritually that—it made a great impression on me. I never forget I went back and told my wife about it at the time. It was just the two of us alone there talking and he got into that vein and expressed himself. He made a decided impression on me and I can still remember the scene and the occasion, and very frankly it's the only thing I remember of the train ride going down. That still lives with me. . . .

(Roosevelt's First Inaugural Address is shown here.)

CORCORAN: I listened through the speech, even through the famous opening line, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," and being quietly desperate myself and knowing how complicated the problems were because right in front of my nose was the banking crisis, I kept saying I wish I could believe, but how, how, how? Until I got to that part of the speech that you've just heard where the fellow took the sword from the sea like Arthur, took Excalibur and said, "In the spirit of the gift I take it." Now I remember Holmes had said to me, and I was very close to Holmes, and I was thinking of it all the way through the speech: "No man—no man who makes any pretension to intellectual honesty can be more than 51 per cent sure of anything." But Brandeis had said, when I carried that back to Brandeis, "But any man who purports to lead men must talk and act as if he were 300 percent sure if people are going to follow him." This fellow talked as if he were 300 per cent sure. . . . I get excited when I hear that voice again. I mean, this is the kind of voice that draws the spirits from the vasty deep. You just hear it as compared to the drab prospect we were living in and you get this. Well, of course this is sheer excitement of leadership that you get. That blast on a horn is worth a thousand men. You just listen to it. Even over thirty years, you hear it again.

ROOSEVELT: One of the things that I think I remember of those immediate days after, and they went on for some time after, was Father feeling . . . that the people had to have a direct contact with their government. I remember later on even being told one night that it was my tour of duty, if anybody called the White House directly and was really in a bad way, that they were not to be put off until the next morning—they were to be put through to me that night. I wouldn't—there was nothing that I could do for them that night, but by talking to me, Father felt that I would at least give them the feeling that somebody cared that night and that they hadn't been put off until the next morning. And I think this is the sense—and I think this is one thing, frankly, that he used Mother for. For sending her out to see people or to do this and to give this kind of feeling. And he felt that if he couldn't reach the people—and that's what the fireside chats did.

FARLEY: That was one of the great political inventions of all times.

ROOSEVELT: That's right.

HEFFNER: Gentlemen, I very much appreciate the fact that you have gathered with me this evening to talk about what really was a changed spirit, and you gentlemen have emphasized that more than anything else—the changed spirit did represent the New Deal. It did represent the coming of a new kind of feeling in the White House. There was a changed spirit as well as a new man in the White House as March 4, 1933, drew to a close. That evening as his family attended the Inaugural celebrations, Franklin Roosevelt on his first night in the White House set to work. . . . It was a start, a turning point, a memorable moment in our history, March 4, 1933.

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Music to My Ears

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conductor. The evening began with a loud, unfunny performance of Prokofiev's *Classical* (its jokes all rigidly suppressed) and ended with a *Heldenleben* whose principal deficiency was absence of conviction. It made a very good march-in-review of the Boston's current discipline, and a shining display piece for the excellent abilities of concertmaster Joseph Silverstein. Of Straussian exuberance, full-hearted self-expression, or frank self-admiration at thirty-five, it conveyed little.

The broadcast performance of *Otello* added to the virtues previously admired in this production the values that come from increased familiarity of the three principals and a conductor with whom they had not worked together previously. The sharpest upgrading of effort was where it counted most: in the increasing command by Robert Merrill of the intricacies and complexities that lie beneath the murky surface of the music for Iago. In the third act, for the first time, it sounded as though Merrill had his voice just where he wanted for this text, neither too mellifluous nor too dry, a modification of bel canto to match the "parola scenica" set by Verdi. Could he infuse his action in the prior scenes with the same sound, he would be half again as good a Iago. James McCracken had power to spare for Otello, and Gabriella Tucci held her own as Desdemona. As replacement for Mignon Dunn, Janis Martin looked better than she sounded, mainly for the reason that she was hard to hear. Georg Solti made a sustained ensemble effort of it all, providing leadership as a leader should.

The criteria for judging violin recitals in Philharmonic Hall being scanty, the judgment of Boris Gutnikov's debut there must be an equivocal one. He is the Leningrad native who won the last Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, and there was everything in his mastery of the instrument and the magnitude of the sound he drew from it to explain the choice. In both the B minor Sonata of Bach and the D minor of Brahms, he met the musical challenges in a forthright, unequivocal way, but there were neither the varieties of color nor the subtleties of expression that make for true distinction. Whether these became lost in the upper reaches of Philharmonic Hall, only a performance elsewhere could answer. Lydia Pecherskaya was the able but unremarkable pianist in the Bach and Brahms, as well as in the Hindemith sonata (No. 1) and ten Shostakovich preludes (arranged by Tziganov) which followed.—IRVING KOLODIN.

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(Continued on page 60)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 59)

TEENAGE SUMMER GUIDE—792 unusual worthwhile teenage summer programs; study, travel, sports, community service, jobs, arts, theatre, study on college campuses. Complete detailed information. Send today for the 1963 editon. Only $2.25 postpaid from Barron's, 343 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York.

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APPRENTICESHIP IN RECREATION LEADERSHIP for 20 boys and girls of high-school age, at Winooski, a Goddard College summer program combining instruction in crafts, sports, and games with responsibility for Vermont village children's recreational activities. Adult staff includes working craftsmen and resident counselors. Headquarters on Goddard College campus. June 29th to August 23rd. Folder: write Evalyn Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

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RUGGED MOUNTAINEERING, SKIING, SURVIVAL, unique Aspen environment, boys 12-16, separate girls'. Ashcrofters, Aspen, Colorado.

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CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance for boys from 9-16. Small group. Summer of constructive fun. Campcraft, trips, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, N.Y. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 443-R, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

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LAKE FAIRLEE CAMP, Ely, Vermont. Teenagers, coed, 14-18. The Arts of Communication in a uniquely motivated communal setting. Writing, speech, photography, music, drama, crafts, ballet, art. Plus a full range of athletic, aquatic and social activities. Trips, seminars, chores. Dietary cuisine. Fee: $675, for 8 weeks. Write/phone Herb Kummel, Director, 408 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. JUdson 6-5710.

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VACATIONS

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WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

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PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

(Continued on page 62)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 61)

FISHING-FEVER VICTIMS—write Libby's on Spednic Lake, Vanceboro, Maine.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. $5 single, $7 double. Box 1558, Nassau.

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VACATION AT SURF'S EDGE on wild Alaska island. Surf Song cabin, $25 per day, including outboard cruiser. Spectacular, different. Box 4, Sitka, Alaska.

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EXPEDITION—'ROUND THE WORLD' BEING FORMED. Famed 190' Schooner "YANKEE CLIPPER" embarks January '64 on 12 month voyage to Galapogos, Pitcairn, Tahiti, Orient, the World. Applications now being accepted for congenial shipmates to share adventure and expenses (about $12 per day). Write Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051, Dept. 23-R Miami Beach 39, Florida.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French painter identifed with the Fauvists (1876-1958).	145 170 123 155 135 15 104 36
B. Population classification in England for the mentally and physically deficient (2 wds.).	128 71 43 112 167 199
C. The poisonous product of Asiatic hemp.	78 189 68 11 80 176 142
D. Strange; unfamiliar; incalculable.	6 127 165 12 35 65 150
E. "La Désirée" in Cabell's *Jurgen*.	58 164 29 108 183 177 192
F. Those fit only for menial work (nautical origin).	202 118 52 162 28 146 45 106
G. Lamb's word for the impoverished, who have only small coins in pocket.	34 136 17 85 175 109 156 113 92
H. Septentrional part of a city (2 wds.).	74 83 42 107 159 13 2 179 79
I. A single unusual feat or performance (2 wds.).	22 38 178 101 23 96 57 138
J. Two groups who hold in common only the possibility of discontent, acc'g to Matthew Arnold (3 wds).	32 201 94 184 153 119 133 151 111 88 105
K. Direct correlatives of causes, with implied immediate connection.	173 131 82 137 16 187 77
L. Small movable derrick, used in erection of buildings.	61 154 157 47 90 55 37 124 75
M. Clock designed to keep very accurate time.	132 81 56 193 66 31 163 98 14 87
N. Idles away one's time; evades work (2 wds.; *Dict. of Amer. Slang*).	39 67 10 180 63 41 130 148
O. Certain natural illumination of moonless nights.	76 64 46 200 26 139 198 188 158
P. Those who invalidate things or institutions otherwise considered permanent.	160 195 84 120 27 4 24 70 53 110
Q. Specialist in the science of coins, medals, etc.	190 62 1 149 122 191 194 21 86 20 51
R. Prized possession of many a domestic and maternal little girl.	125 116 5 121 69 129 114 152 19
S. One who deals in precious stones, ornaments of fine workmanship in the precious metals, etc.	9 49 168 59 33 44 186
T. Suit of particular fashion worn by those in the same service, order, etc.	8 117 54 140 99 60 89 50
U. Gentle; meek.	181 30 174 196 171 126 97 143
V. Deserving good opinion.	203 141 161 73 18 102 172 93 144
W. The son of Mithridates whose defeat by Julius Caesar was reported in the famous "Veni, vidi, vici."	115 166 182 147 103 197 48 25 3
X. Marine creature known as a puffer.	134 100 185 7 95 40 169 91 72

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Q	2 H	3 W	4 P		5 R	6 D	7 X	8 T		9 S	10 N	11 C	12 D	13 H	14 M	15 A						
16 K	17 G	18 V	19 R	20 Q		21 Q	22 I		23 I	24 P	25 W		26 O	27 P	28 F	29 E	30 U					
31 M	32 J		33 S	34 G	35 D	36 A	37 L	38 I	39 N		40 X	41 N	42 H		43 B	44 S	45 F					
	46 O	47 L	48 W	49 S	50 T	51 Q	52 F	53 P		54 T		55 L	56 M	57 I	58 E	59 S	60 T					
	61 L	62 Q	63 N	64 O		65 D	66 M	67 N		68 C	69 R	70 P		71 B	72 X	73 V	74 H					
75 L	76 O		77 K	78 C	79 H		80 C	81 M		82 K	83 H	84 P	85 G	86 Q	87 M	88 J						
89 T	90 L	91 X	92 G		93 V	94 J	95 X	96 I		97 U	98 M	99 T	100 X	101 I		102 V	103 W					
104 A	105 J	106 F	107 H	108 E	109 G	110 P		111 J	112 B	113 G		114 R	115 W		116 R	117 T						
118 F	119 J	120 P	121 R	122 Q		123 A	124 L	125 R		126 U	127 D		128 B	129 R	130 N	131 K	132 M					
133 J	134 X		135 A		136 G	137 K	138 I		139 O	140 T		141 V	142 C	143 U		144 V	145 A					
146 F	147 W		148 N	149 Q	150 D	151 J	152 R		153 J	154 L	155 A		156 G	157 L		158 O	159 H					
160 P	161 V		162 F	163 M	164 E	165 D		166 W	167 B		168 S	169 X	170 A	171 U		172 V	173 K					
	174 U	175 G	176 C	177 E	178 I	179 H		180 N	181 U	182 W	183 E	184 J	185 X	186 S		187 K	188 O					
189 C	190 Q		191 Q	192 E		193 M	194 Q	195 P	196 U	197 W	198 O	199 B		200 O	201 J	202 F	203 V					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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